

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

BY THE CAMPERS OF

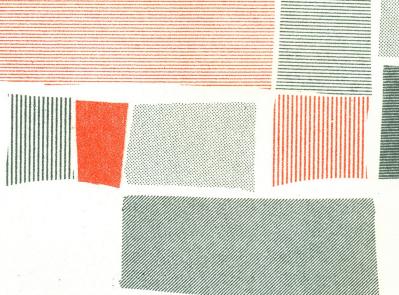
BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP

NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

BUCK'S ROCK

XEXER BOOK

1960



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very year since 1947 Buck's Rock has produced a yearbook and each year the problem of variation and change arises. In the year 1960 we sat and looked at the yearbooks produced in the past thirteen years, and wondered about the yearbook of 1960. Although there was variation of format and theme in the past yearbooks, the style of writing remained approximately the The lack of variation from same. year to year got to the point where an article on the art shop in 1956 would be the same in 1959 except for possible changes in the names of counselors or number of sketches produced.

This year we have attempted to make a different and better yearbook by changing the style and viewpoint, Instead of compiling an encyclopedia with subjects limited to Buck's Rock, we have attempted to have a yearbook of vivid impressions of Buck's Rock. We have urged writers to be honest in their articles and create an article they can be proud of as they would be proud of a short story or poem they have written. By asking our writers to capture a moment rather than an entire summer, we hope we have produced a year book that will bring back joyous memories of Buck's Rock years from now.

Laura Furman, Literary Editor

a message from Ernst

Once again, we come to the end of a summer at Buck's Rock and once again, you have made excellent use of the opportunities offered you.

As you know, Buck's Rock is a non-competerive camp in that we do not stress competition between campers as the motivation
for developing their skills, their aptitudes, their talents. You have discovered
that if you try to do your best in the
projects you have chosen, completion becomes a healthy challenge through which
you enjoy testing your abilities, rather
than using your skills to triumph over a
fellow camper. In your relationships to
each other, you have seen that the give
and take of true co-operation is one of
the most valuable incentives for developing the best that is within you as a human
being.

The results of your work were evident to all who visited here, the products of your shops testified to your skill, your patience, your talents; the plays you produced, the dances you choreographed, the music you played and sang were an inspiration to many. Whatever you accomplished through the many projects this summer bears witness to your industry and perseverence, to the loving care you spent on them.

In working and living together, you have learned that we all have much in common. Our ultimate goal is the same. We want to be happy, successful human beings. As we grow older, we also begin to realize that not two of us are the same. In fact, though mankind has been on this globe for tens of thousands of years and will, we hope, continue for hundreds of thousands to come,

no two human beings were ever or shall ever be completely alike. Therefore, we must find the way best suited to us as individuals. It is for this reason that each of us must learn to discover within himself the answers to such questions as: "What kind of person would I like to be?" "And how can I become this person?" During the summer, we have tried to help you find some of these answers by encouraging you to make your own decisions, to set your own goals and develop your own values. In this way, you have furthered your emotional development by a growing sense of independence in the world of reality.

In the years to come, you will reach many crossroads where the choice of directions will be yours as it was this summer. You will be better prepared to make these choices. But you will also remember that if you open your hearts to each other, that if you accept help and sympathy as readily as you are willing to give it, you won't have to make these decisions alone. In this way, you will always be able to give strength and reassurance not only to others but to yourself as well. In developing your own individuality, we hope that you have achieved and added a sense of your own value which, in turn, you will use to help your fellow men.

Soon the summer will be over and, again, you are returning to your home, your family, your friends. We have tried to make Buck's Rock a testing ground for the future, and we have tried to help you experience a way of life that is compatible with reality as well as your own inner needs. So we leave you with the hope that your eyes will see more of what is around you, that your ears will be willing to listen to the music around you, that your minds will be open to the ideas around you and that your hearts will respond to the love around you. Although we have to say "Good by" and "Farewell", we do it with the strong and happy feeling that Buck's Rock has become a part of you as you through your work and your spirit have become part of Buck's Rock.

Grast



N



creative writing by jon white

Werry sits contentedly on a rotten wooden chair. He takes a puff from a Pall Mall every few seconds. He talks in a low voice, so quietly at times that you can't even hear him. He talks about pain and happiness, childhood and death. He asks you to write: take the pencil and paper and write. Be honest. Express yourself. Let yourself go. Pencils, one hundred fifty packed in the box like little black headed sardines. Paper, a whole half ream. More than enough. Write.

Silence. The pencils are held tightly. Somebody takes a deep breath and plunges his pencil onto the paper. The pencil scrambles over the paper, sprawling out ideas. The others start too. They write fast, lest the idea escape before recorded. The pencils stop a second, gathering themselves up, and then striking again with renewed force. Jerkily, they move. On

and off pencils.

You shake your head or nod your head or suck in your breath or just sit still thinking. You write. And others write. Ten pencils, fifteen pencils moving across the clean white paper. Thoughts pouring out of the pencils, marking the paper. Sometimes you can't think, for all that comes to your mind are words that you haven't made up or maybe no words at all. Maybe there is something you want to say, but it won't go into words, so you cannot write it. Maybe you are lucky. You are fluent on the paper. Words are easy. Emotions and thoughts.

Time's up. The papers are collected and Gerry sits down on another rotten chair to read them. The people blush or smile as theirs are read. After he finishes,

Gerry comments on the piece.

The meeting is over, for the square dance has begun. A few stay on, talking about this and that, and after a while, they too, disperse.

You go back to the bunk and put on your jacket and

then go to the dance.

G friendly array of animal sounds pervaded the air as I came to the Buck's Rock Farm. I walked slowly, my head cast down, the problems of the world exerting pounds of pressure upon my shoulders. I crossed the yard and sat down on a chair next to a fence which enclosed the sheep and goats. They noticed me and wandered over. A goat's head protruded through the fence. I reached down to touch it. It retreated. Slouching back into the chair I came to the conclusion that I was just not wanted or appreciated. But the goat returned. I hesitated, the goat sniffed, I leaned down and touched it. It advanced. My thoughts stopped. Another goat wandered towards me. I touched its soft fur and stooped down. As my hand ran down its colorful back it came closer. Something likes and appreciates me. My shoulders rose, I stood and left.

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the birth of the calf by patty foster

felt very hot in my workshirt as I squeezed and pushed my way through a crowd of campers. I was trying to find a spot from which I could witness one of the greatest highlights of the summer: the birth of the calf. I had been looking forward to the birth of the calf ever since I had come to camp.

At last, after a few moments of careful manuvering, I managed to get a good but momentary glimpse of the pregnant cow. I took a deep sigh as the cow slowly raised its bulky body and made an about face turn. She then lay down once more, rocking back and forth with the pains of birth. This procedure occurred about three more times until the cow slowly lumbered into a far corner of the pen she was in. This time I beat the crowd and found a place where I could see her well.

I held my breath. Something was wrong. The cow was having trouble. The veterinarian was called, but at the present that didn't help matters much. In those few rushed moments, I was filled with clashing thoughts. I half felt that the cow would die without ever giving birth, yet I still had hope that she would live and the calf would be born.

Then, as the calf was slowly pulled out of the womb, I had a feeling of awe as a new life came into the world.

the vegetable farm by jerry alpern

vegetable farm. Corn, rising up from the ground toward the sky; low rows of greenery; people bent over, slowly moving along the rows.

FB1 2

I walked up and saw some people hoeing. Feeling very energetic I asked if I could help. "Sure, grab a hoe and join!" I set to work with a vengeance. Soon the earth was flying. My hoe dug deep into the soil. Great chunks of sod were torn out. This felt good! I was having fun. I felt that I was doing a really worthwhile job well. Everyone must be watching me and the speed that I was making! My feeling of elation and self-satisfaction rose higher and higher. The ache in my arms grew, my hands felt sore, I was happy.

But just then a counselor came along. He looked to at the work I had been doing and said, "This row will have to be done over. It's much too deep. All the water will flow into it when it rains and it will have to be filled in."

My satisfaction was popped. All my work for nothing! I realized that everyone was doing their own work, not paying any attention to me. I had started off too eagerly without first asking how the work of should be done. There was an empty and disappointed feeling inside me. I felt a vague anger at the counselor who had corrected me.

When I looked at the row, however, I realized that he was right. Soon I set to work again, starting the trying task of correcting my mistakes.

selling by nicki okin

he selling booth is dark and large, crowded with objects, people, and food. Outside seems so bright and large and I feel closed off from the rest of the world. I myself am changed because I am no longer just another camper to the people from Buck's Rock. I am one who can give them information and help them buy. To the parents I am not a stranger, or a person they have just met, or another child. I am one who will help them with whatever they wish to buy from the stand whether it is corn, spinach, sculpture, jewelry, wood work....

Discovering many outstretched hands, I experience a sudden fear. Questions like "How much is this?" 'Who picked it?' 'Are you sure this is ripe?! 'Did the campers really make these ashtrays?' are tossed at

me with celerity.

As I proudly tell the inquisitive parents that it was the campers of Buck's Rock who planted, cared for, harvested, and made the products before them, the fear leaves me and pride takes its place.

visitors by jill sapinsley

sat on the social hall porch, watching the road anxiously for that familiar car. It seemed that everyone's parents had arrived except mine and as I watched streams of strangers poured into Buck's Rock. One by one, the friends with whom I had been waiting jumped up and ran to their parents with shouts of welcome. Soon the porch was brimming over with campers and their visitors, gathered in little clusters, laughing and chattering. I sat apart from everyone, keeping my eyes glued to the road, a lonely

feeling growing inside of me.

My eyes wandered over to the selling stand, which was by this time crowded with people in brightcolored summer clothes. They were eagerly handling the shop products, the postcards and the vegetables fresh from the farm. Two dogs on long leashes were sniffing around the corners and the bushes. I wondered if my parents would bring my dog with them --she probably would be too big to ride in the car to camp. Younger brothers and sisters were running wildly around, dragging older members of the family with them and loudly demanding to see the new-born calf. I began to get excited; my little sisters would be here too, very soon, I hoped. I would give them a personal tour of the camp. I'd even show them the bunk which we had cleaned especially for them for the first time this summer. Maybe we would go out for dinner. I saw many campers hurrying up to the office to sign out and I began to get impatient.

There seemed to be strange people everywhere. I just sat, feeling overwhelmed and lonely in the confusion. Suddenly, I turned and saw the car I had been waiting for up the bumpy road. I jumped off

the porch and ran toward it.

Wall four, " yells the umpire, "Take your base!" The pitcher shows some signs of tiring. He looks worried. The batter steps up to the plate. He knocks the bat against his shoe and then against the plate. He cocks his hat and looks down the third base line. The third baseman is playing in close, at double play depth. He won't let a ground ball go through. The shortstop is deep on the outfield grass. He is nervously digging his heels into the ground. The first baseman is now arguing with the ump. "I appeal."

"What for?" responds the umpire, "He hasn't pitched

The center fielder is playing back. He is picking up his mitt that he dropped after throwing it into the air.

The left fielder is staring wide-eyed at the bat-

ter, contemplating where he will hit.

The pitcher, now with both feet on the rubber, smacks his mitt with the ball. He stares down at the ground, then at the masked catcher's glove. He brings his arm back, bites his lip and lets the ball fly.

The batter lowers the bat and steps aside.

"One of a kind!" shouts the ump.

"What's that?" "A strike."

The batter whips around and starts to argue with the ump. Hot words are passing back and forth. Finally, the ump gives him the thumb. The batter turns and runs down the road towards the social hall.

The crowd starts to mumble. "What did he say to the ump?" "What did the ump say to him?" "Where's he going?" "Was he thrown out?"

"He hasn't been thrown out." "What then?" "He's late for chorus." Oh well, that's the way the ball bounces.

he campers of a conventional camp swim in an olympic-sized pool or a luxurious lake. One should not bring such delusions of grandeur to Buck's Rock. Instead, we are blessed with a dammed up river that has an unusually mucky bottom.

My first trip to the waterfront this year was filled with anticipation. A sign to my left said, "HçO temp.-72°. I jumped in eagerly. But someone had made a drastic mistake! I was turning blue and the water was 32° below. I quickly got out and was greeted by a smiling man. He said hello, gave me the name Hekety Witch, smiled beautifully and promptly pushed me in. I later learned that this was Sid Schwager, counselor.

The second trip proved more promising. A game of water polo was being organized. Child that I am, I volunteered to play and was given a red band to put on my pony tail. Everything was going fine until a yellow pounded upon me and in one quick stroke I was drowning. My legs forgot how to tread water and I was helped to shore, vowing never to play that game again.

I haven't gone swimming much this year because of lack of time or the risk. But I can still say it was fun walking down the hill, racing to the raft, running on the forbidden catwalk, or even playing water polo. It was worth it all.

and attack the town



R







tennis by rick stevens

he rallying had ceased. Now the pressure could be felt. I was to serve first. "I'll take a few." The first practice serve bounced in slowly. I hit the next a little harder. It also went in. "I'm starting," I yelled. He nodded. I threw the ball up and came around, throwing my body forward and putting all my weight into the serve. It was a good shot, hard to the backhand. The return floated over the net. I moved in, brought my racket back, and met the ball soundly. Hit hard but not high enough, the ball was stopped by the net. Overcome by a feeling of irritation and anger, I walked back to the baseline, dragging my feet. I hit the next serve again to his backhand, not quite so hard. The return was deep to my forehand. I placed it to the far side. It was my point.

And so the set progressed. At times I felt elated, then depressed. I was nervous, tense, and

occasionally confident.

The score was 6-3. We changed sides for the second set; my oppnent was to serve. I was tired, I was pushing myself. My thoughts wandered as I awaited the start of the next game. I asked myself, "What am I striving for---victory?" Victory satisfies in a very limited sense. Why am I intent on winning? Is this sensible? Or is it the thrill of playing well; the excitement of a match? I was snapped out of my reverie by the sound of my opponent serving the ball. I braced myself, moved forward and returned the serve...

radio station by todd capp (kibitzed by barnett friedman)

Wor three days I had been busy preparing my ten minute segment of a radio broadcast. I had worked hard, hoping desperately that everything would run smoothly. Somehow, things didn't go as I had planned.

It was a typical, hectic day at the radio shack: the star had shown up ten minutes before the show; the transmitter had not been plugged in; the station-break man had cracked up over the air; the wrong band record was played; when the Guadalcanal March was not cued up, the D.J. had to hum it; reported holding a press conference was "Premier Lumumbumba"; a record was announced: "This piece was written by Modeste Mussorgsky, who should not be confused with his brother, Immodeste Mussorgsky: " a D.J. read "Pogo" over the air. Finally, it was over. I looked up and smiled

wearily at Bert. Yes, things had gone very well.

the science lab by leonard saphier

trange sounds, strange smells, strange sights.
Where is it that one's senses have to be on the alert at every moment? As I enter the building
which houses all of these oddities, I am very much
surprised by the things which greet my unknowing
senses. There are large tanks containing many different types of plant and animal life. In one corner I notice various types of delicate and intricate
equipment. I observe that the strange smells are
coming from many bottles of different sizes and
shapes.

The very complexity and variety of the things overwhelm me. I feel that I will never be able to understand it all. Nothing here is familiar. I

am small and lost.

I'll stay for awhile and wait for the keeper of all these things to return so that I too can try to understand.

the construction crew by jerry alpern

Impossible! But then you start to work. Nail a few 2x4's together and suddenly the sides are up. On go the rafters and then the siding. Meanwhile, roofers are put on and soon someone is saying, "Come on, let's finish by tomorrow afternoon!" There it is, the finished cabin.

What went into it? A lot of nails - even more that were bent and wasted, several sore thumbs. It takes a little while to get the feel of hammering.

A lot of lumber carried, cut, put into place and nailed down... The shelving, as you tried to hammer: nails in impossible positions... A lot of sweat under a hot sun... thousands of gnats and mosquitoes under the trees. The times nothing you did went right but the satisfaction when you did a good job.

The roar of the "Skillsaw" as it tore through lumber, or the ache in your arm as you sawed through the toughest piece of wood in the world... The endmeasuring of wood to make sure it would fit. But at the end of the day a cool swim and perhaps a root beer in tawn.

Finally, someone living in a cabin you had helped build, or perhaps shooting on the rifle range that you had worked on.

fencing by sue steiner and beth rosenberg

were the words I heard as I neared the badminton court. Watching the fencers I thought that I could never master such a complex sport. I cautiously approached, sat down and waited to fence.

Teast Fosheet, type, or crapt, when I was here thanks cheery soule. He impodestely pounce

I began with the en garde position which was torture to hold. As Alan yelled at me to turn out my knees and hold in my hips and keep my arm up like a traffic signal, I felt as if every part of my body were disconnected. Alan stood calmly by, watching me try to keep this unbalanced position.

Performing the seemingly impossible task of advancing, I almost fell on my face. But I recovered and continued the lunge and parry. At this point my ego was really inflated. However, Alan ended this by stabbing me with his foil.

I took my en garde position once again and gave Alan a distinguished salute. When I left the badminton court I felt a great surge of relief and had the satisfaction of discovering a new skill. went to the print shop, prepared to slipsheet, de-slipsheet, type, or crank, when I was greeted by Hank's cheery smile. He immediately pounced on me with an unusual question: "How would you like to print stationery today?" Usually, one has to sign a list over 180 names long--but someone hadn't arrived and the press was free! Terribly glad for the opportunity, I completely forgot about my former intentions.

At first, I couldn't decide whether to make informals or stationery. Hank convinced me to make the stationery and then if there was time, and if I gave him a really nice smile, he'd let me make informals.

But my problems didn't end there; I now had to choose the type. Bewildered, I looked around and surveyed a huge stack of drawers containing a thousand different kinds of type. To help me decide, Hank showed me samples printed previously by campers. It was a difficult choice but finally I decided to use Libra. It took me another 15 minutes to choose the color paper. Finally, I was ready.

Hank showed me how to set the type. It took a long time as I was quite inexperienced and had to continually glance back and forth from the drawer of type to the corresponding chart. When all was ready and the type was set in the press, I began to print.

I devised a system: I cranked with one hand and set-up with the other in order to do a maximum amount in the minimum time. As I printed, Hank's gaiety and Rick Lee's spirited singing helped me forget how tired my arm was becoming. I found that the foolish griping, the silly jokes, and Hank's corny poetry are as much a part of the print shop as the presses and ink.

the union by jerry alpern

here was excitement in the air. The formation of the union had been announced earlier and now was the time for the first meeting. A band began to play. Union music broke through the air. Everyone became inflamed, ardor for the union mounted higher and higher, "Solidarity Forever" was boomed out as though the judgment day had come. A fiery speech was begun. But hark! Suddenly horns tooting, guns firing, and squealing brakes. The finks had come. Battling forces joined in combat, a fight for a mike. Reds! Reactionaries! Radicals! Fascists! Turmoil and chaos hold sway! But through the toil and fight, through the name-calling and rowdy behaviourthe union, the union is triumphant.

woodshop by fred roberts

s I stood my finished shelves upright and inspected them, I thought of the moment two weeks ago, when I watched the first piece of wood I was to use cut by the biting teeth of the circular saw. At first I thought I was not good enough to do this project, but as I worked and learned, I gained confidence. Sanding was not a borling job, but a skill. The use of a hammer became more than mere manual labor. I continued my work and my project developed slowly from a few pieces of rough lumber to a finished piece of furniture. But I could not stop there with one project. I had to go on to other projects in which I could use my new skills. I had found an art form mastered it, and planned to use it in the future.

the metal shop by carlie hope simon

allets hammering. Files filing. Buffers polishing. Whirring, humming, whining, screeching. Endless questions being pelted at helpless counselors and CIT's. And here I sit, with a pencil in my hand, paper on the table, and an empty mind. Everyone around me appears very busy, so I hastily scribble a few designs. While showing them to John, I realize that they are not good and rather impractical——or at least he thinks so." I must remember, John says, "to be original and keep the lines flowing."

Design finished, I begin making a pin of silver with a wood inlay. I get my materials and get to work. Although the silver has simple lines and should be easy to cut out, I break one saw blade three times and use four more blades before I'm finished.

Now that I'm working, I feel that I have become a part of the silver shop, and can talk and complain freely. People come and stand and peer over my shoulders. "What is it?" "Whatcha makin'?" Maybe they're very stupid, or is it that they just don't recognize my artistic genius? I haughtily answer, "Nothin'," or instead give a logical answer like "The Rock of Gibraltar." This sort of reply discourages further questions.

I work hard, filing, buffing, using emory cloth to get out the microscopic scratches that only John's trained eye can see. My wood is oiled and polished, and, gingerly, I try to fit it into the silver.---It doesn't fit. With the feeling of frustration rising, I think of the old adage and try agein.

After days of sweat, hard labor, and bitter defeat, I am at last victorious. Triumphantly I thrust my finished pin into John's hand.

"Well, do ya like it?"
"No."

the ceramics shop by jill danzig

walked into the Ceramics Shop, head low, wondering whether I could overcome my fear of the big barrels of clay, the potter's wheel, and all the instruments staring down at me. The excitement of trying something new and different, mixed with fear, was enough to make mine a stimulating and challanging day.

Frightened when confronted by experienced people, I stood there, feeling like a small child who has just entered school. I worked and though I was fearful that I would make mistakes I was hoping that I would have something to be proud of.

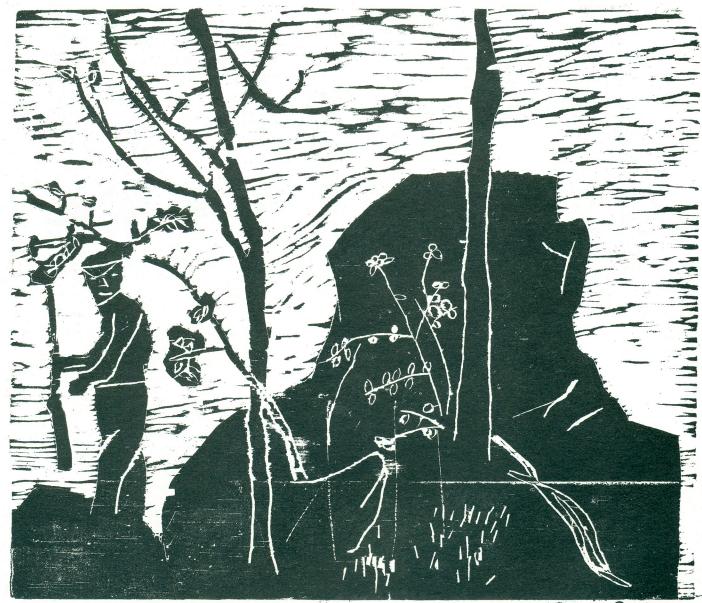
When I dug my hands into the clay, I enjoyed the clinging sensation, and wondered how many people had experienced this same feeling.

I started to mold the clay and my hands were filled with anxiety. Still, it was not a job but an adventure; and to shape it was almost like the finishing touch——the touch that gives one an overwhelming feeling of accomplishment.

Finally I finished my bowl. No masterpiece; but I had one satisfaction. I had tried. I shall return to the Ceramics Shop.



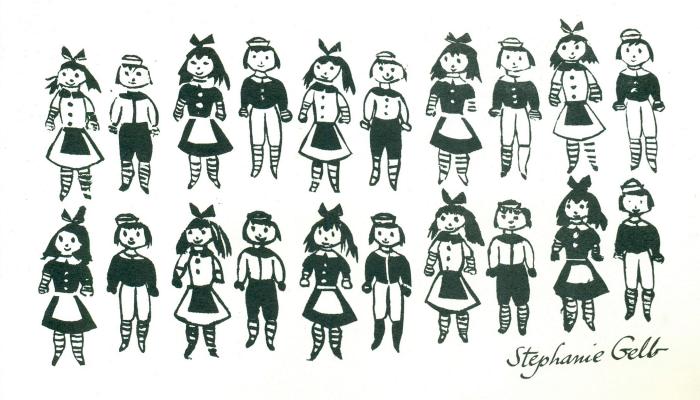


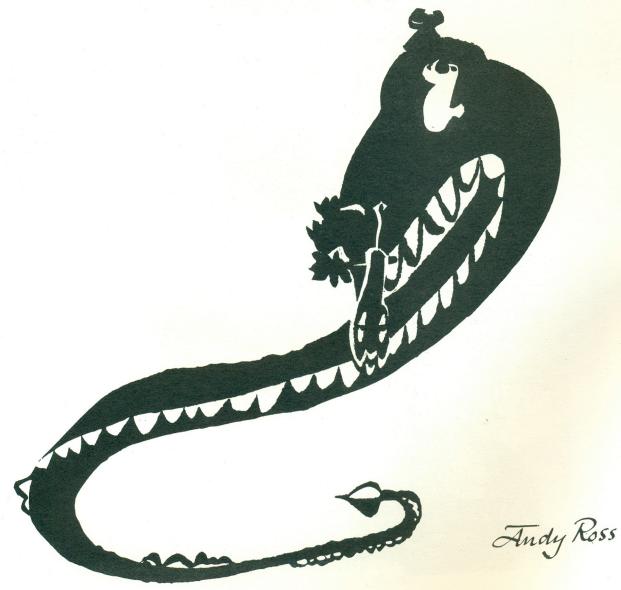


Bruce Carter











Marcia Rollin

the electronics shop by jerry alpern

loud beep beep attracted me to the shop. I walked in, a soothing lighting scheme, several people concentrated on various tasks, a smell of burning insulation, no one in a hurry. I looked at the work on the table, a maze of wiring, masses of cylinders, disks, metal parts sticking out at all angles, various pieces of equipment lying casually about. The excitement of figuring out a complicated diagram, using a soldering iron, shorting circuits in kit after kit.

I liked the air of quiet efficiency about the shop, I felt that everything had a purpose to it. I had studied code and it gave me great satisfaction to be able to turn on the receiver and hear what was coming in over the air-waves. Mistakes that I made were taken very calmly, so I never felt tense or rushed or worried. It was a place to relax in an otherwise hectic camp world.

the silk screen shop by jon white

n a clothes line hang decorated blouses of various color and design, a seeming banner, attesting to the artistic intent and utility of the silk screen shop; a veritable pallet of glowing color is hidden under the relative shadow of the dormer roof.

At first glance...a hopeless mess of paints and screens. Campers gathered around Paula listening to an explanation: register, tusche method, warp...
The paint apparently adheres more to hands and shirts than to papers. The latest Weeder's cover appears on faces all over the shop.

Masking tape, oil base, jars, brushes, boxes...

A welter of materials tossed about. Campers, looking
like canvas facsimiles, peering over a screen in rapt
concentration. This shop is a world of oil, ink and
paint, an entity of instruction and enterprise.

stratford by johnny unger

he lights slowly dimmed and the theater was obscured in complete darkness. Slowly the backdrop of the stage lit up. Two figures stood alone in center stage. Their silhouettes showed them to be wearing ancient Roman garb. The first turned slightly towards his colleague and in a masculine voice said, "Nay, but this dotage of our general's oterflows the measure."

His voice hurtled out at the audience, thrusting back the darkness. And the audience was lost to the world of the play. The first act of "Antony

and Cleopatra" had begun.

The play moved swiftly before our eyes. Famous actors and actresses swept in and out again, transforming the words of Shakespeare into a lively, vivid story: Robert Ryan as Mark Antony; Katherine Hepburn as Cleopatra; Donald Davis as Enobarbus; Morris Carnovsky as Lepidus. Before us Pompey's, Lepidus' and Antony's fortunes fell, and Antony, facing ridicule, committed suicide. And then, as was inevitable, Cleopatra died for her lover, signaling the end of the play. Slowly the stage lights dimmed on the dead queen and the theater lights came on again. The audience, still spell—bound by Shakespeare's words, rose to its feet and stumbled out through the exit doors, into the light of dusk and the world of reality.

advanced painting class by marty goell

look at one of my friend's paintings, but I don't see just the friend in the painting, I see the work of an artist as I would see that of any artist. I see beyond the friendship that we have. I see this painting as part of the present and the future. And I look at it as if it were a painting on the walls of a museum. I judge not as would the doting parent but as the most apt of critics, disregarding the person involved and looking as if I were completely detached.

Then it is my turn, they have come to my painting. For a minute I'm overcome by fear of what will be said about this canvas which is so very important to me.

Then they begin speaking.

"Oh, I see what you mean, but why on earth don't you see what I mean." Oh! Is it true someone seems to understand the meaning I have intended? Have I been successful? Yes, I think so, a little, the tiniest bit. I sit like a sponge trying to absorb all that is said, knowing that in a short while these words will be the basis of my future efforts to communicate through painting.

They are finished discussing my work now but I can never be finished. I am not entirely sure of myself as a painter and I will use their words to guide me in future works. We go on to works of others and discuss our work in relation to ourselves. We speak not as camper to counselor or camper to camper but as

one creator to another.



forums by leonard saphier

The statement is made, a hand rises, a thought is dispersed. The action quickens. More statements, more thoughts. If you listen hard enough, you can almost hear the hum of brains at work, Censorship? NO; Civil rights, national security? OF COURSE! What does it all mean? It means someone or some people are trying to find the answer. Will they? They are seeking it through this discussion.

It is difficult trying to make sense out of all this hubbub and confusion. But wait! I think I am

beginning to understand.

The topic has been well defined. Statements have been made. I have tried to understand, and I

have contributed. Others have done the same.

Perhaps we have not probed fully, nor do we comprehend completely, but we have listened and ideas have made us think anew.

walked into the art room and a strange sight caught my eye. Two girls, usually seen around camp in dungarees and sweatshirts, were somehow magically transformed into a humble country girl and haughty Victorian lady. I suppressed a giggle, put my hand to my face to hide an amused expression. The instruments they were holding, violin and recorder, seemed only to add to the absurdity of the costumes. They were perfectly serious about their tasks, so I refrained from any remarks.

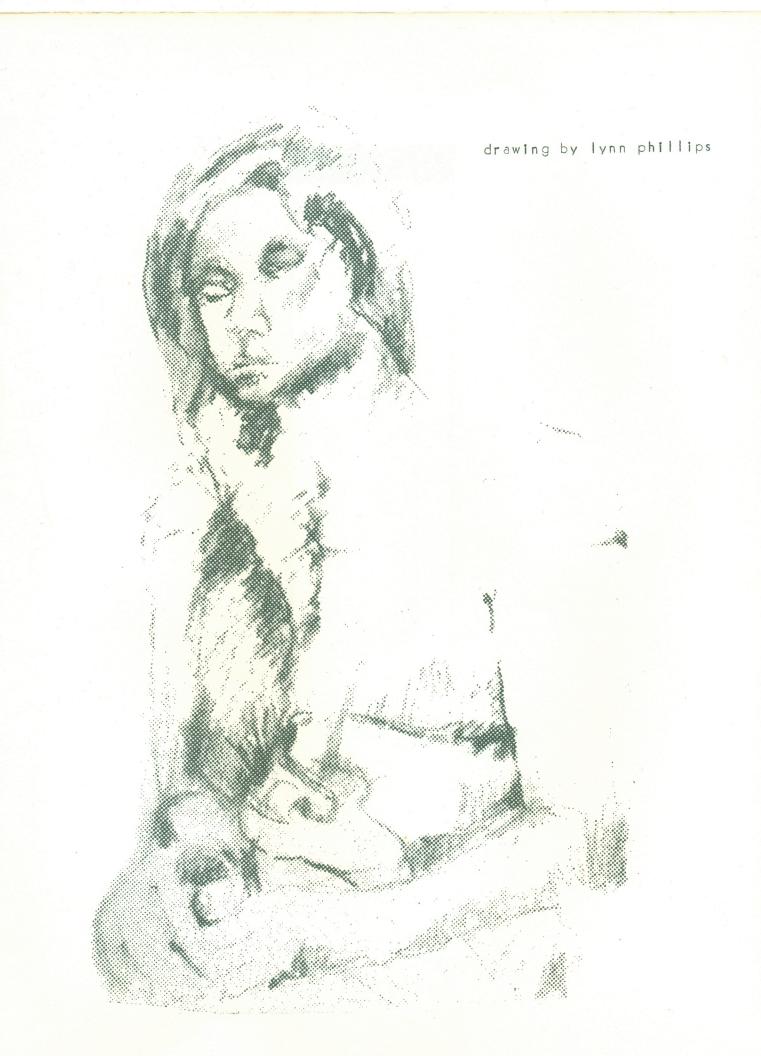
The art room floor was crowded and busy, easels spread across the entire area. I rushed to a ledge near the window and placed my hand on it so people would know I was to sit there. "Save it," I said and went to the other side of the room to gather paper, pen, and ink.

It was gloomy that day: rain pouring down on the outside, raincoats hanging on nails here at the shop. The rain outside, the warmth and laughter here...it felt just right. I sat down on the ledge and soon the drawing began. My first attempt was very distressing: I crumpled the paper with my fist, and "stashed" it into the waste basket. Around me, I noticed people concentrating on their drawings, their heads moving back and forth, looking first towards the models, then to the paper. I began again, this time with more pleasing results.

As time progressed and I became more relaxed, my paper began to live, the lines I created becoming more personalized, thus containing greater meaning to myself and others.

Every few minutes, Dick or Jack would come to offer constructive criticism or to remark on any progress I might have made. Somehow, even in that one day, I feel I did make progress.

As the class came to an end and everybody began to slowly put their materials away, I sensed a sort of sadness. The easels were stacked neatly in a corner, the brushes were in the sink, the black ink rushing out of their old selves again. Somehow the wonderful atmosphere had disintegrated.



the print shop by sue selvern

e.eckin~ copies of ;he "Weeders Digest" was a new ex pe ric n c e for me. cop i i s we re put to-**1,** s the to m~, ;nd I was to make handzd gether' they were sure, or try to make sure, that each copy put tOJether correctly.

No onew as checkin g stap led cop i e sun til Rick li e I d u pac o pya $n \omega = e \times c \text{ I aim}$ e d j "L o o k! A copy for Hebrew-speaking friv.nds!" As I glanced uP... I Lee our Hebrew-speaking that this par,er was stapled on the saw wron] side. I gave up my post as a checker to count finished copies. There werc always people singing I joined in whell I could, and I truly felt jokin g• Collation was a new experi-I ike on'2 of the group. I continued I found mej and-as ence for workingj in1 I enjoyed and wanted that this was so~cth to do. When the final copy had been counted and the ext rap i e c e s o f r,a pe r pi I '2 din the s c rap cor nerj I had a feel inl of dccompl ishment, a feel inC) of just compl.ztecJ a proj2:ct. Even rhough I had had not h in'] to ('o wit h the writin 9 of the art ic I e sin the paper 9 I fe I t a con n v.c t ion with th;.:- fIn ished When a copy ws handed to m~ after product. lunch, I 10C'ked through it in a new way, for I had this.

the print shop by sue selvern

hecking copies of the "Weeders Digest" was a new experience for me. As the copies were put together, they were handed to me, and I was to make sure, or try to make sure, that each copy was put together correctly.

No one was checking stapled copies until Rick Lee held up a copy and exclaimed, "Look! A copy for our Hebrew-speaking friends!" As I glanced up I saw that this paper was stapled on the wrong side.

I gave up my post as a checker to count finished copies. There were always people singing and
joking. I joined in when I could, and I truly felt
like one of the group. Collation was a new experience for me, and as I continued working, I found
that this was something I enjoyed and wanted to do.

When the final copy had been counted and the extra pieces of paper piled in the scrap corner, I had a feeling of accomplishment, a feeling of just having completed a project. Even though I had had nothing to do with the writing of the articles in the paper, I felt a connection with the finished product. When a copy was handed to me after lunch, I looked through it in a new way, for I had worked on this.

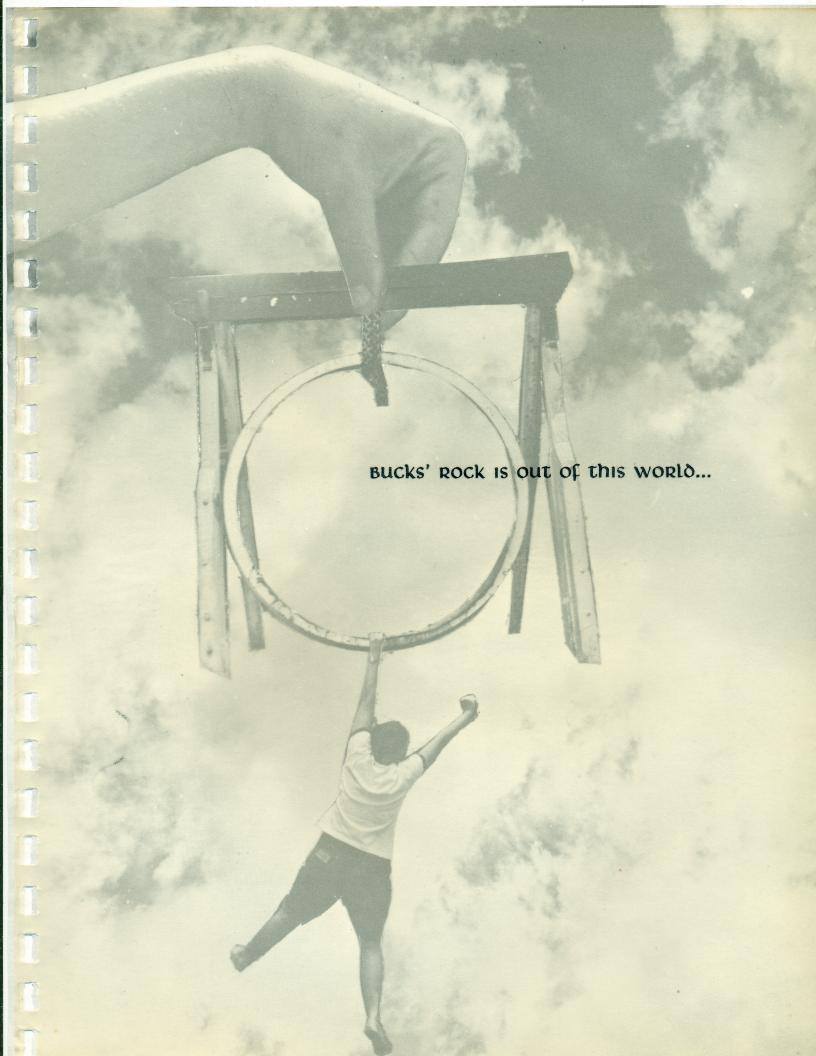
photo shop by ellen taussig

trains of a Bach cantata led me in...
a shop which had masses of wriggling hoses,
clinking bottles- pictures, pictures of people
we knew, objects we had held...labyrinth journey
to the dark room of strange images and an infrared light...

Phil a man with a gray mustache, pipe,

knowledge, and help to give.

There is confusion yet a muddled sort of order...a photo shop-a place to be-a place to work-a place to capture a beautiful moment forever.







T

the madrigal group by rhea rollin

he little cabin was stuffy and crowded with people. Books, sketches and sheets of music were scattered on chairs and other available surfaces. Lining the walls were colorful paintings in various stages of development.

The conductor in front of us seemed determined to press the last ounce of beauty and energy from our singing. With his expressive hand movements and facial expressions, he evoked and regulated the magnificent

harmony of the songs.

A few days later, in a lovely church in New Milford, our first formal appearance was scheduled. As we filed into our seats by the organ in the apse of the church, we tried to feel confident. People smiled at us from their ivory colored pews with the lush maroon velvet-lined seats. The aisles were of the same rich maroon color, which contrasted vividly with the ivory of some of the tapestries. There was peaceful, lazy dimness inside, only broken by occasional shafts of light reflected through the stained-glass windows. It was difficult to feel nervous in such an atmosphere.

Soon the organ music began, and Dave gave the signal for us to start singing. Instantly, all our fears proved needless and vanished. We realized how well we had been taught and prepared for this program. We knew that every performance of the lovely

sacred music had to be a resounding success.

orchestra by bobbi schneider

ne, two, three. One, two, three... Dave probably thinks nobody can count. Louder...softer...slower... faster...all together now... REPEAT, repeat, repeat... Dave is getting mad. Now, only the strings...now only the brass...all together everyone. It sounds pretty good to me, but Dave is still scolding them...must be some rough edges that I don't hear. He says everyone is falling as leep on the job. Sleep through Dave's facial expressions and his constant pressing for more and more perfection? I can admire Dave for his patience and perserverence as well as for his musical ability. It's hard to appreciate, unless you attend a rehearsal, the trials that go into making a piece of music sound as music should. One, two, three...One, two, three. Faster...slower...all together now. As the rehearsal closes a smile comes over Dave's face ... They are getting good.



drawing by paul grootkerk

let snack. Find a seat. Get a folder of music. · A chorus rehearsal is about to begin, Sifting around are campers, CITs, JCs, and counselors -- all members of the chorus.

Rehearsal begins. We open the folder to Mozart's "Dies Irae," a requiem for the dead. Late comers quietly edge into place. Dave lifts his arms...the downbeat. His eyes open large and gleaming. He sings with us. He stops, throws down his baton in disgust.
"Miserable altos," "lazy sopranos," "basses, I want to hear your line!"

He starts again, a windmilt of energy. With wild gestures he leads the sopranos, cues the tenors, and berates the altos. Again he throws down the baton in disgust.

"Ah! You lazy campers. This is not a country club! Now stand up! X..., get off the badminton court and come up here!"

Moans and groans issue from the group as they stumble wearily to their feet. Dave begins again and again and again. We finish the requiem. He is not satisfied but perhaps appeared.

We open our folders and look for "David's Lamentation." Dave frowns, shrugs his shoulders, and grunts. He raises his arms in one final attempt.

ry out for "The Lark" down at the stage, at the gong, "said Ernie. I was excited! I never thought of myself as an actress, bit I enjoyed the challenge of trying out. I was lucky. I read near the end of the tryouts so I had time to listen to the others and benefit by their mistakes.

You can't imagine how I felt when I was called

down for the second time. I felt like singing.

But what if I don't get the part? Everyone was telling me I'd get the part. But what if I don't? Oh, why don't I get sick and miss it? You know very well you won't get sick... Even if you did get sick you'd still go down. Oh, forget about it, you won't get the part anyway. But what if I do? Oh, stop It! You're only kidding yourself! Here come some more kids. Why did Ernie need to read it? We can see the list up on the porch. We have eyes.

I was so happy when I saw my name posted beside the role. It wasn't a big part but I was lucky to

be in it at all.

The work was hard and tiresome. I couldn't make any definite arrangements because I had to be continually at the beck and call of the stage. Several times I felt like quitting. When I went for my costume fittings, I was pleased with my outfit.

The two weeks whizzed by and before I knew it we were getting into our costumes. We looked hideous with stage makeup and underneath the laughing and

kidding our nerves were very much on edge.

Oh, if I muff it up tonight they'll never forgive me. Why did they pick me for the part? I'm no great actress.

Stop worring. Everyone's just as nervous as you are. What if I muff up the dancing? I never took dancing. I forgot my lines! Oh dear, what should I do? I better....

Then before I knew it I was on the stage. It was

like a dream which even now I can't remember.

Suddenly, the dream was over. I was no longer Agnes, the beautiful young mistress of a thirteen year old king of France in the Middle Ages, but me, Carla Joseph.

cess, but the experience it afforded me was worth ten

times as much work and tension.



sketch from a character in the "THE LARK" by Sue Silverman

how it felt being the lark by karen rappaport

veryone was wildly running around. Amidst the confusion I heard screams: 'Karen, get into your costume' 'Make-up does so much for you' 'Your eye-brows are too dark' 'Shut up and sit down---you make me nervous' The tumult about me clashed with the calmness I felt inside. I had to get away from it, so I left.

I wandered into the woods and thought to myself. What kind of a girl was Joan? How would she have felt? How would she have acted? Then I said some of

my lines, there in the peace and quiet.

A few minutes later we assembled in the wings; we were in a state of absolute anxiety. The faces about me expressed mixed emotions of fear and nervousness. The lights came on and I heard a voice over the microphone telling everyone not to take flash pictures during the performance. There we stood in the dark, frightfully silent in the wings, listening to the voice. This was it, I thought to myself. All evening I had been calm, but now I experienced a strange, almost fearful sensation. The faces became a mass. The tension mounted....this is it!

Suddenly, the beautiful opening music began to play, and I walked on the stage with feelings I had never experienced before. The audience seemed to

disappear and the play began ...

Vo, please. Not now, " comes a little voice from a corner. "I'm afraid"thinks its owner. "Getting up in front of all these people. They might laugh at me. I might do something wrong. "All this races through his brain in races through his brain in a split second. He knows it's silly, but all the same, that's the way he feels.

"Nothing you can do can be wrong," says Janet

gently. "Everyone's In the same boat."

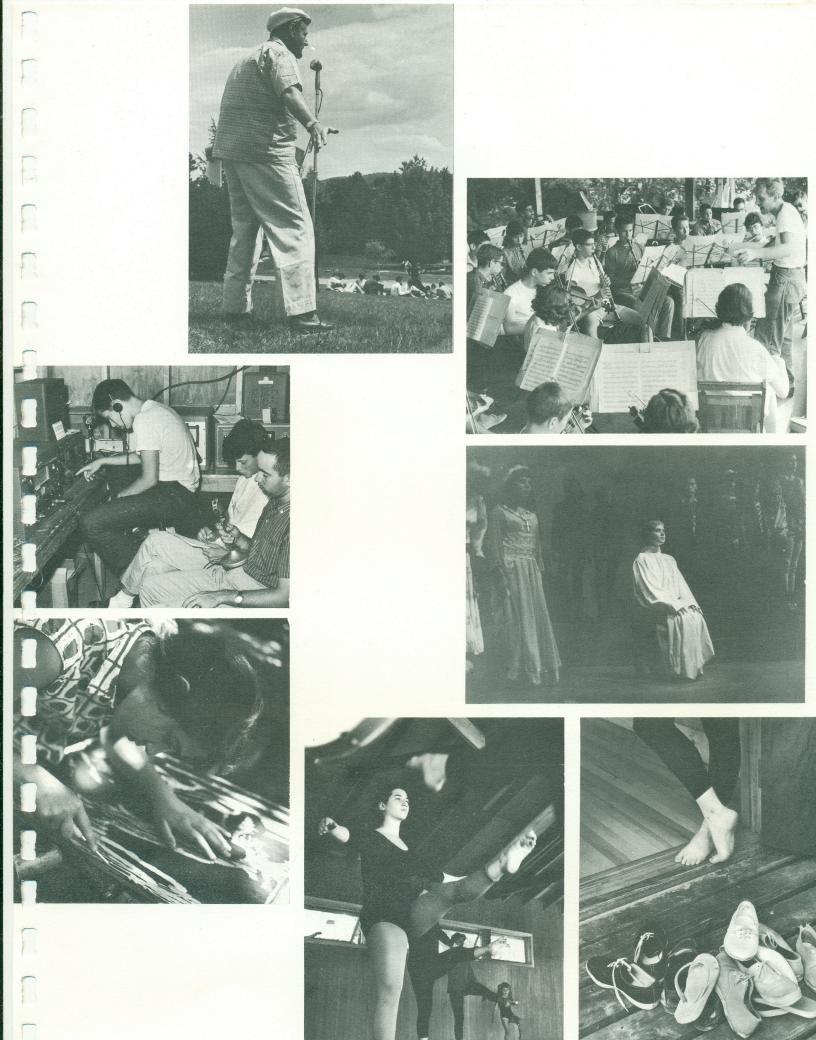
That helped a little but not much. "Well," comes back the answer of then, losing and recommendation of the property of the companion o

guess so," says the little voice, which isn't quite as weak as it was before. A few uncertain faces. The thoughts are rushing around again. "Consteps, follow, a fentative smile towards. The waiting centration, imagination, dim me, no, not anymore. Now I'm a spider. Wiggle, wiggle, toes and ears." And all of a sudden it dawns, "This is easy, it's actually fun! Why was I ever scared?"

Janet pods to a brave hand sticking out above the others. Someone gets up, and in four long steps is ready to turniand come back as something else. We're in the circus all of a sudden. It's a little girl, and she's lost her holli-pop. Oh, the poor

of "Titte kid, she shall alone." We will act out nursery rhymes."

"What fun," around go the thoughts, "Jack and Jill? Little Miss Muffet? Little Jack Horner...



he sharp drum beats signal to all that the dance class is in session. The ten girls garbed in black sit cross-legged on the floor, their backs as straight as an army officer's standing at attention. The drum beats begin and these girls slowly, rhythmically ease their bodies into spirals, leg extensions, and stretches designed to strengthen and exercise every muscle-guaranteed to leave you stiff for a week.

After stretching and twisting and bending we finally stand up. Then begins our real workout. Although we are supposed to be warm, now we really feel warmer than the sun's surface. The drum beats become more deliberate as the plies begin. Down-so slowly, and up-so much slower. Doing the plies slowly is hard work. After we've finished our plies the leg. brushes and swings begin. The beats increase in momentum as the leg swings faster and higher. And suddenly-silence. The leg remains held in the air as all strain to hold their balance. For some of us there will be the inner satisfaction of knowing that the exercise was well done, while for others there will be the knowledge that better balance and more work are needed before the feeling of 'I made it' and the grateful feeling of collapse can be experienced.

Then everyone heads for the corner. "Coming across the floor" is the hardest and easiest part of the lesson. Here we put our technique to use as we skip, leap, run, walk, and do variations on all our floor bounces and stretches. Coming across the floor is the real climax of the lesson. We've worked on our technique for almost an hour. Now the question has to be answered, "Can I dance?"

If you are able to answer "yes" you leave the dance studio hot and tired with shaking legs and that feeling of "I was dancing!" "I was really dancing!" If your answer is no, you leave the studio without the exhilaration you get from true dancing.

But, we all come back to take more and more classes because of that special feeling that can be obtained only by trying to dance and then succeeding.

he ringing of the gong is an invitation to the porch, where the sight of Barry standing with one foot on a chair, tuning his banjo, while campers are scurrying for the most comfortable seats, is an indication that a folksing is almost underway. There is no more room on top of the piano, someone has settled on top of the milk machine, and the front row of chairs is occupied by those who intend to seriously concentrate with eagle-eyes on Barry's fingers. By the time I have reached the perch I prefer, the top of the garbage disposal can, the buzz of idle chatter is diminishing, almost ceasing.

"We're in the key of A minor." I wait expectantly for the introductory song. Will it be familiar,
something I'll want to remember, something I'm tired
of singing...what kind of mood will it create? Recognizing the opening verse of "Anne Boleyn," I join
in the singing, smiling at the sadistic tones and
British accents which the voices around me have suddenly acquired. I listen carefully to the elusive
verse I've been trying to remember all summer; I
wonder how, when I play this in the bunk, it never
sounds quite the same, and I make a mental note to
try it again later, because I've been watching some

of the chord progressions.

And as soon as the song is finished, the mood is transformed again. We're singing "All My Trials"; our voices become softer, blending into harmony that sometimes sounds so beautiful and meaningful that I feel as if I'd like to recapture this moment often in the future. I look around and see someone sketching Barry in charcoal, someone sanding a piece of wood, someone staring into space and, at the same time, everyone is singing, with spirit, with feeling, with consciousness of the beauty of the song.

Afterwards, I find myself yelling for a song I want to hear, although my request is lost among the shouts. "One, two, three, let's ask him to sing that," I could keep singing all night; somehow, I'm not at all tired, and I'll keep shouting my request until we sing it. This isn't the same as listening to some one perform; it's changed because I'm part of all this sound, and perhaps that's why I feel that it's so much

a part of me.

the social hall porch by laura furman

Wt is a large place, lighted by ball-like lamps which hang from long wires. There is a mosaic of a bird, made years ago by Buck's Rock people, chairs scattered all over, announcements on the walls, a window to the office, gigantic doors not closed till winter, posts to lean on, edges to sit on, a table always laden with something...snack, people, packages, laundry...

I sit in the chamber music concert, listening to the efforts of the others and I think of this porch. This porch I saw two years ago crowded with people and I was so frightened. This porch I see now with friends around me.

I sit in the folksing, the psychology class, the Shakespeare seminar, the art lecture, the folksing before lunch, the line to lunch, the snack gong ringing, orchestra, chorus, people straining to sound with beautiful music. The discussions, arguments, reunions, rushes for the phone calls, happy times, awful times, the sights and sounds of the porch...

that mosaic made years ago by former campers, doors shut till summer.

Bhokoywaph of gawy dause takea at his scaeent by CHUWK STEIN

> processed for the mineo machine My the photography lab at camp



photograph of gary davis taken at his concert by CHUEK STEIN

processed for the mimeo machine by the photography lab at camp

ne couple over here, one more in this set-now, who's going to spoil it for the other six?" With Barry's voice blasting across the transformed tennis court, the square dance began. The floor was already crowded with lopsided squares, made up of energetic campers and counselors, impatiently stamping their feet and clapping. A wild whoop rang out above the din to complete the atmosphere of utter chaos. The next minute, as I was running across the floor and my partner and I were assimilated into the confusion, I heard Barry's voice, "We've got the couple—let's go!"

We thought we knew the dance perfectly before he explained the calls, so we didn't pay attention. Then, when we were a few calls behind and 'goofed' on the Grand Right and Left, we were laughing so hard that we really didn't care. The fundamentals of square dancing were simple: If someone in another set took off your shoe, by stepping on your heel, it was to be expected; if you dusted a floor on the end of a line in the "Grapevine Twist," or fell flat on your back with your set on top of you while being swung "Like Thunder," you learned that next time you should hold on tighter; and if, after a while, you were so dizzy that you couldn't walk a straight line, you could stagger through the remainder of the dance by remembering that the hand with the watch was the one to start the Ail and Left. The point was to make noise, to laugh a lot, but whatever you did, to keep on your feet. Otherwise you were lost.

The best moments of the square dance were those when, while spinning in a swing, everything and everyone became a blur of color before my eyes, when I was vaguely conscious of many unimportant things: of noise, of laughter and squeaky music, of my hair flying, of the black sky and the stars, and everyone else spinning as I was. There was nothing important then except having fun, which was done without conscious effort, simply by letting myself go. Faster, faster, and I wondered how I was going to stand up afterwards, but it didn't matter because the feeling of flying and being dizzy was so pleasant.

After Barry had completely exhausted us with ducks and dives, promenades and the like, the squares fused into two circles, the inner almost as large as the outer. While dancing "Miserlou," I remember noticing how the circles were weaving across the floor, how smoothly some were moving across the floor and how others were preoccupied with remembering the steps, how graceful and dramatic the leaps of the good dancers, and how everyone seemed to be a conscious part of the spirit of the dance.

At evening's end, Barry played a twelve inch L.P. that he had been saving, the Jesse Polka. At first everyone was energetic and lively, but after the fifteenth time around the lines were noticeably shorter and slower. However, Barry's sadistic grin gave many of us the determination to stumble on until the end. Those who didn't collapse on the court, subsequently began to stagger back to their bunks-exhausted, red-faced, bedraggled, but warmed with a spirit they hadn't had a few hours before.

tanglewood by leonard saphier

From my seat on the lawn 400 feet away from the orchestra, the music seemed to have a very soft, easy touch. I could not think of anything more pleasant than to sit on that lawn in the shade of that large oak tree, listening to the beautiful music of the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra.

Looking about me, I saw hundreds of people, a circus of color lounging in various attitudes of geometric concentration, on the level plain before

the amphitheater.

During this performance I wasn't disturbed by having to cope with a hard seat or a stuffy, hot room. Instead there was soft grass, a cool breeze, and beautiful music.

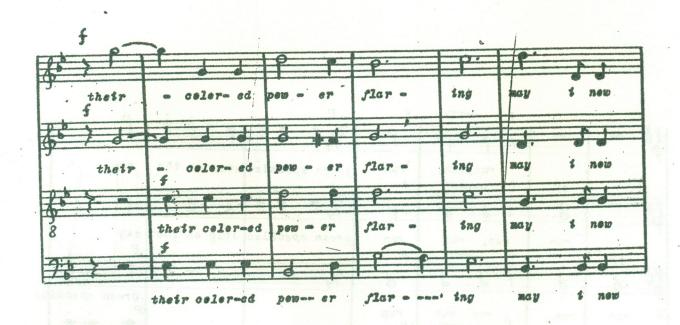
In the musicology seminar under the direction of Micha Namenwirth two students, Susan Rosenberg and Ellen Taussig wrote this choral composition from a text written by Eric Felderman, who is the CIT of Creative Writing.

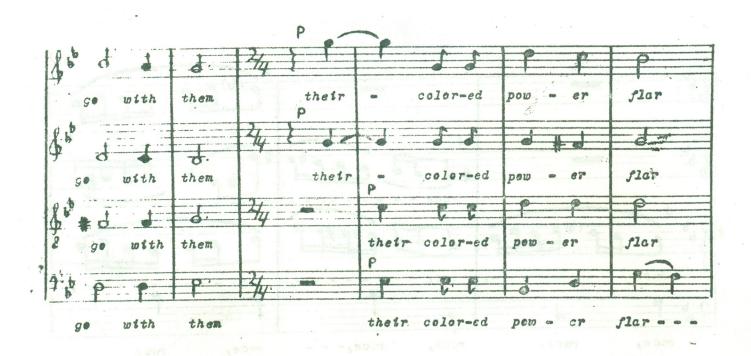
the trees fill with animal wind from a poem by eric felderman



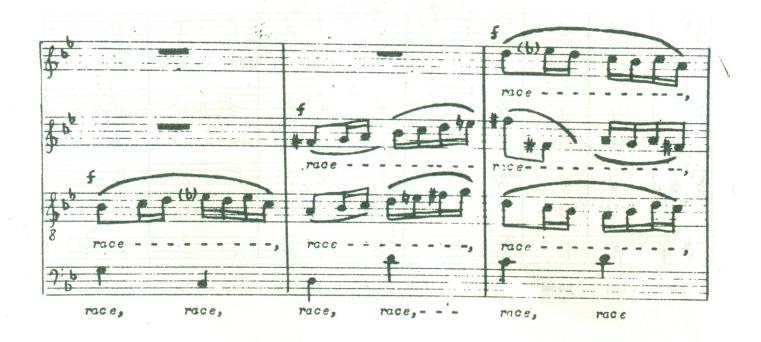


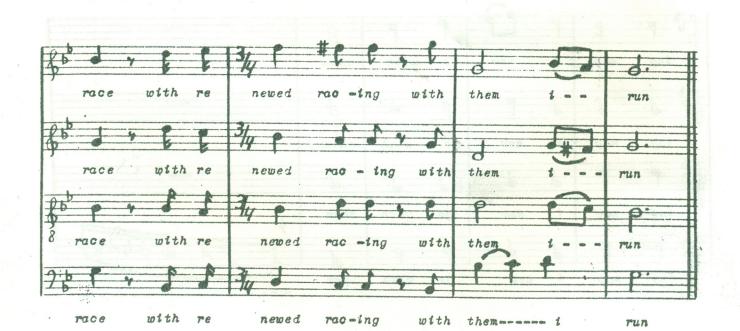












he record went around and around, each revolution bringing with it a new experience: The lonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong, Miles Davis, Crepescule With Nellie, A Night in Tunisia, Pithecanthropus Erectus. The sound filled the Annex. "This stuff is really too much!" And the needle slowly wended its way to the center of the record.

The sound was pulsating, deafening; but appetites were insatiable. Sound after sound, horn after horn, bass fiddle after bass fiddle streamed from the machine.

And the Annex pulsated, vibrated. Faces were animated, fingers were snapping, feet were tapping, beating out a steady rhythm.

One boy, oblivious to the music, was sleeping: arm over eyes, nose in the air, legs extended over the end of the bed.

The rest of the Annex was awake. For every disonant chord on the piane, for every saxophone solo, there seemed to be a parallel activity. One boy was writing a letter, another was reading, three more were engaged in a conversation on theology. And the record continued: around and around.

And only when the needle reached that part of the record where no sound is produced except a scratching one, would the record be removed; and, then, be replaced by another.

the boys' house by david simon

was standing in the Boys' House entrance hall; a cacophony of sound floated to my ears: each one indivdual yet symbolic of this house. Through a door before me came the majestic voice of Odetta. A single heel kept beat...

To the right came a loud and angry voice: "But we must have disarmament, even if it is unilateral!" A heated discussion on disarmament was in progress...

Bach...strains of a contata.

The piano on the floor above played slowly; the playing became more intense as the planist lost himself in the music. The aura of serenity created by the chords was shattered by the pounding of footsteps racing across the lounge. A group of boys careened out the door, model airplanes in hand. They headed toward the archery field...

...again the Bach sonata.
I walked toward my bunk and a quiet game of chess.

the CIT cabins by chuck stein

ventually all male B uck's Rock CITs will be relocated from the slum infested tent area into new cabins built by the CCC. Although this tent by tent relocation program has been projected with all good intentions and in the best interests of the CITs, the program has not progressed as smoothly as some officials would desire. The first enemies of relocation have been the CITs themselves, who in some cases have refused to evacuate their condemned tents.

The lower classes in many societies often resist the improvement of their own lot, especially when it is a benevolent capitalist who is offering assistance. So is the case with the Buck's Rock CITs. Having spent many tortured years in their tents, the victims of tempest, leak and insects, and having lost all hope of future improvement, the CITs have become cynical toward the prospects of aid from the bourgoise. Instead of welcoming their new homes, they have been hostile to their cabins and the CCC, desiring to hold onto the one thing that they have learned to call their own.

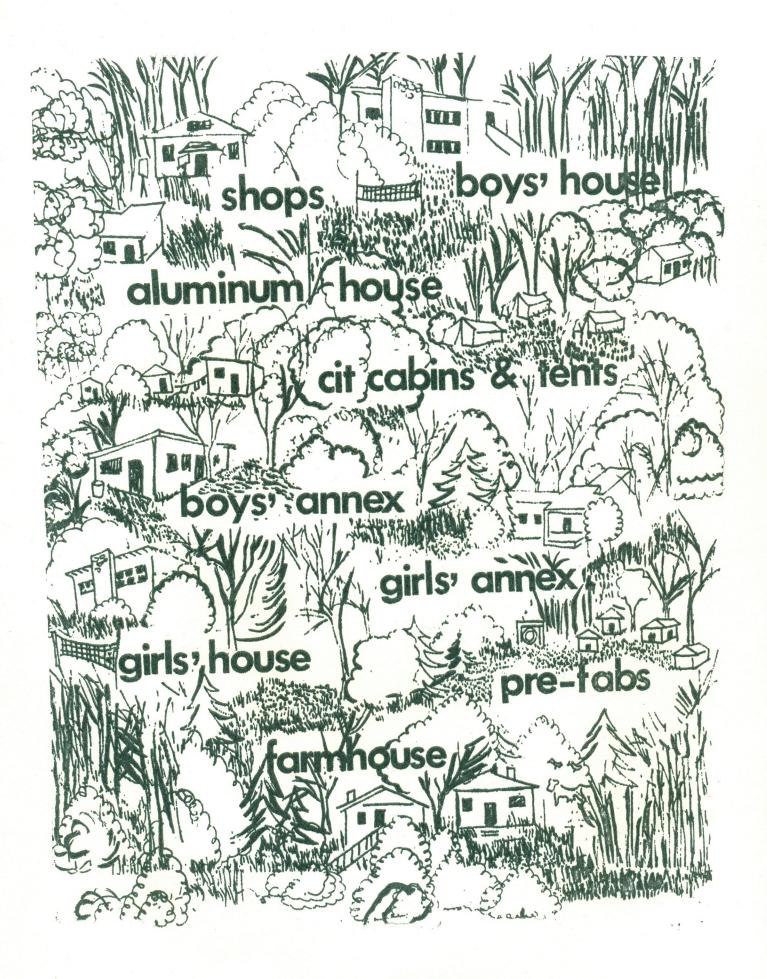
Officials of the Buck's Rock Slum Clearance Commission have stated, however, that by the summer of 1961 all CITs will have been relocated, reluctantly or not. The American lower class really knows what's good for it anyway.

espite its many virtues the Girls' House suffers from two grevious faults: the beds and the walls. The beds are the hardest to make, and the walls are too thin. They manage to be just thin enough for the girls to talk through at night and are practically knocked down when one bunk is having a private party and the other wants to sleep. The beds are excellent for bouncing on and make just enough noise to be heard all over the building. The beautiful view of main camp from our lovely picture windows unfortunately works both ways. A pleasant evening in the Girls' House is usually accompanied by a water fight, perfume fight, or powder and toothpaste fight. Although someone usually ends up with a wet bed, gray hair, or smelling like a rose bush, it is enjoyable and we're all tired by lights out.

But when the lights are out and every girl is in her bed, at least in theory, there are always a few who have forgotten to brush their teeth, to set their hair, or put the cat out. Then the whispering starts, slowly and softly at first, but growing stronger each second. The bumping of chairs, as the girls make feeble attempts to keep the OD's from entering by scotch taping the curtains to the walls, makes grating sounds on the floor.

On that great day, laundry day, all wait in suspense for the laundry to return. When it does, it is usually greated by the screams and squeals of those who sent pink blouses that came back purple, or simply didn't come back at all.

Even if living in the Girls' House was chaotic, if the living in close quarters grated nerves, if all things are taken into account, they seem very small next to the friendships that were formed and the wonderful experiences we had there.



the aluminum house by jerry alpern

rumming rain on percussion roof, fear of light-ning electrocuting, were we grounded? Aesthetic improvement of our exterior by bullet holes, the crumbling cement under our feet, visitors gasping, "You live here?" The pleasant isolation from the ordinary trials

of camp life.

Messy shelves, falling insulation, cobwebbed corners, a general air of disregard for worldly things. Who cares if the bed is collapsing? If it isn't fixed today it will be tomorrow, or ... sometime. The mess was always cleaned up tomorrow. Restful cries of CITs nightly shouting, banjos picking in the darkness, voices screaming, "Shut up, damn it!" Dragging minds in mornings wake, who'll let the sleeping doggies lie? Silent house, in daytime shorn of life and talk, flitting feet fly quickly through, catching mail in mercurial hands. Summer's end, dying fast, etched in memories lower burning coals.

Onfusion and anxiety walked hand-in-hand as I entered the Girls' Annex for the first time. I stood be-wildered, confronted by a maze of rooms and what seemed to be one hundred people each looking for his trunk and duffle.

However, within a few hours the mist cleared, and before me lay some semblance of order and my three bunkmates. Suddenly a loud blast of music startled my ears. The record player went on——never to be silent again during the summer.

Getting used to having someone sleep above me and hearing a gong ring loudly seemed an impossibility but eventually was accomplished. What still amazed me was how, at the second breakfast gong, forty-four girls could possibly fit into a bathroom designed to accomodate about twenty.

Perhaps the most exciting morning was Monday when I sent and received my laundry. It seemed quite unbelievable how my plain white shirt could turn light blue or pale pink.

During the winter months I shall look back at my first days at Buck's Rock with fond remembrance of all the wonderful girls and the fine experiences we shared.

ye. Buck's Rock. Eight weeks gone ... From coming up pre-season, to the Last Campfire, it was a worthwhile summer for me. .. Hard work, and a lot of fun.. I saw the shops...their creative and multitudinous work...shop selling. Swimming. I still love the walk down. .. Of course, the birth of the calf was excitingeven more so this year perhaps Farm products... the "Little Amateurs" and their selling stand. Gentian violet rides again I had a good time at Stratford, a different kind of good time listening to and being on WBBC, and a good time constructing stage sets New ideas in "Weeder's Digests".. . Being with the others in camp. . . the new friends that I made this year, old friends/playing table tennis, basketball.....

. Trying to meet the new challan-

ges of being a CIT ..

.. enjoying the plays

chamber concerts movies seminars forums

so many memories

the philosophy and spirit of Buck's Rock are a part of me now having lived in this microcosm for such a long-short time, I'm attached to all its quirks, traditions, surprises

"get plastered you bastard, happy birthday to you"

the union of carpenters and joiners, local 1960 inaugral meeting and subsequent union-nonunion trysts. photo contests

************ I'm going to miss the gong*********

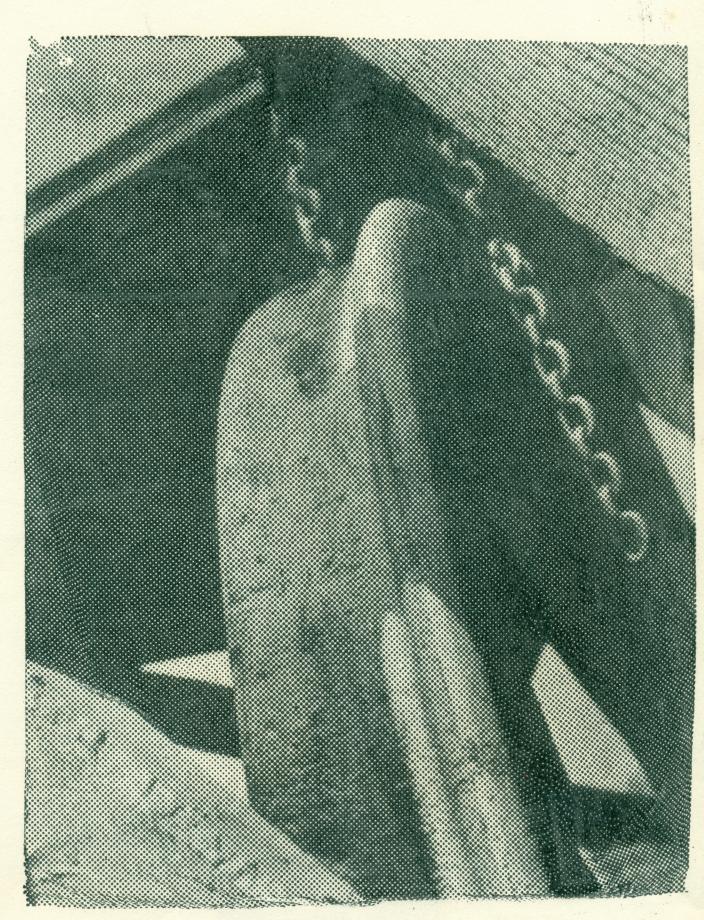


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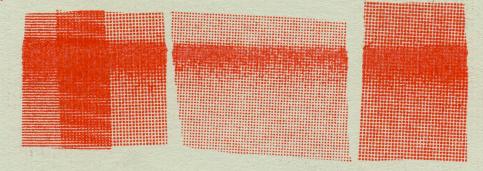
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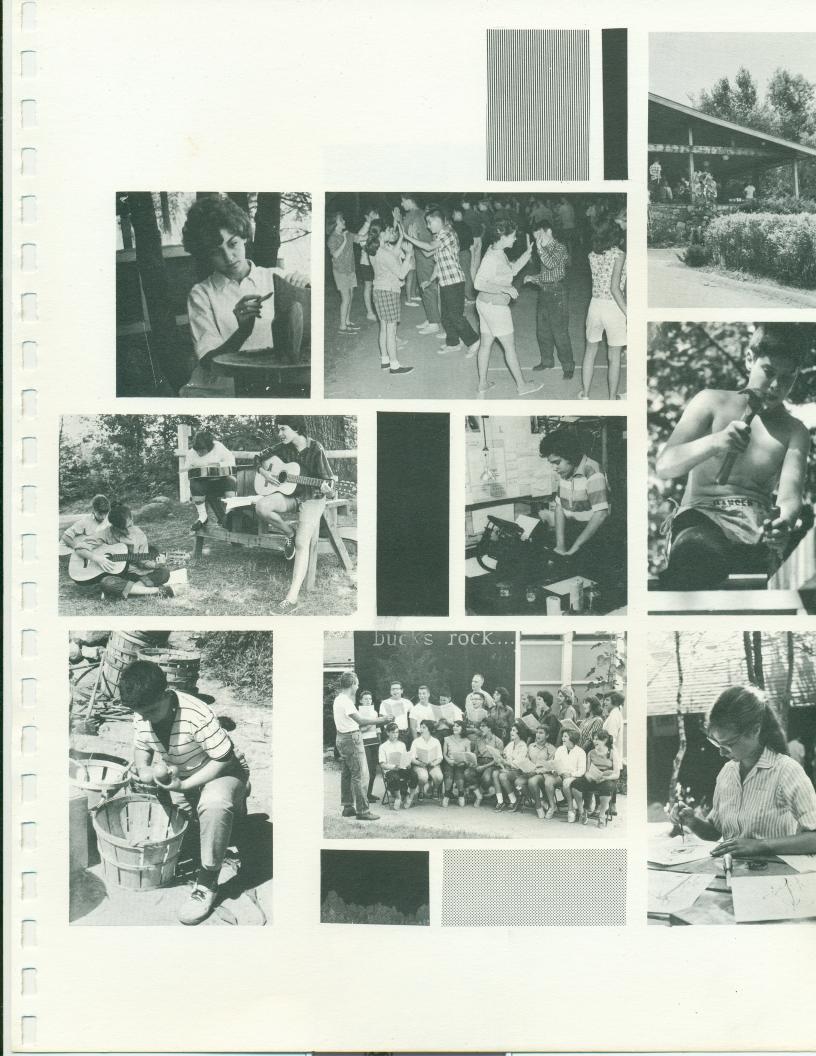
dance

chamber music



creative writing





radio station wbbc

guitar & banjo

stage sets

chorus

orchestra

CANOPING

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WOLLEY BALL

FENCING



BASEBALL

VENDER

EBNE

RIFLERY



SWIMMING

buck's rock DIRECTORY

our own yellow pages..........

Joel Adelman Danny Allan Jerrold Alpern Robert Auerbach	1032 E.23 St. Bklyn NY 130 St. Edwards St. Bklyn! NY 41 W. 82 St. NY24 NY 181 Salem Rd. Roslyn Hts. NY	CL8 2078 UL2 5688 EN2 8460 MAI 3268	3/21 12/20
Thomas Bellfort David Berman Edward Bramson Mitchell Brauner Eugene Brodsky Charles Brody John Bulova	390 West End Ave. NY24 NY 138 Columbia Hts. Bklyni NY 87-16 168 Pl. Jamaica32 NY 52 Sunlight Hill Yonkers4 NY 275 Central Pk. W. NY24 NY 39-48 47 St. Long Island City4 N 50 Elm St. Glens Falls NY	TR7 3252 UL5 6990 RE9 1005 YO5 2980 TR4 3189 NY RA9 8452 GL2 3023	2/13 12/.17 1/14 5/12
Todd Capp Bruce Carter Andrew Churg Arthur Cohen	3 Peter Cooper Rd. NYIO NY 26 Arbor Rd. Roslyn His. NY 711 Ogden Ave. Teaneck NJ 108-56 66 Ave. Forest Hills75 NY	SP7 6106 MAI 7599 TE6 0025 IL9 9238	1/9 8/31 6/17
Arthur Diamond	840 E. 17 St. Bk!yn30 NY	GE4 1981	1/28
David Englander	82 French Ridge New Rochelle NY	NE6 4855	11/9
Peter Frank Barnett Friedman Carl Friedman	262 Lee Ave. Yonkers NY 560! Riverdale Ave. NY7! NY 33-51 73 St. Jackson His. 72 NY	YO8 4699 K19 902! 1 L8 6455	6/25 1/12

Simon Geiger Jesse Girard Lawrence Glatterman Andrew Goldberg Leonard Goldstein David Gould

Jonathan Gould Neal Graham Paul Grootkerk Richard Gross

314 Lee Ave. Yonkers NY 2/22 10/27 YO8 5152 Winding Rd. Box 634 Ardsley NY OW3 4288 2929 Bainbridge Ave. NY58 NY 6/17 CY8 1326 99-32 66 Rd. Forest Hills 74 NY 3/12 2/26 TW6 5779 2602 Ave. N Bklynlo NY CL2 5501 63-02 Grand Central Pkwy. Forest Hills 75 NY 119 9189 3/31 21 Marshall Court Great Neck NY HU7 2857 44 Broadway Lawrence NY CE9 8804 11/3 25 Hillside Ave. NY40 NY W12 5325 5/23 65-84 Booth St. Rego Pk. 74 NY 1L9 5882 5/25

Paul Hammerschlag Mark Heller Paul Hirsch Robert Hort

289 Kneeland Ave. Yonkers NY YO8 1166
II Whitehouse Rd. White Plains NY LY2 6834 1/12
173 Riverside Dr. NY24 NY TR7 7850 11/14
34 Metropolitan Oval Bronx62 NY UN3 1435

Seth Ingram

16 N. Broadway White Plains NY WH9 5742 5/15

John Karakaian Lincoln Kaye Peter Kazan David Klasfeld Howard Klepper Karl Knobler George Koenig Leslic Kratter 145-16 24 Ave. Whitestone57 NY FL9 4990 5/3 82-25 209 St. Queens Village27NY HO8 1648 Winding Rd. Farm Ardsley NY OW3 5747 7/17 322 Central Pk. W. NY25 NY R19 1903 1/11 35 Westwood Circle Roslyn Hts. NY Mal 5388 12/4 239 Central Pk. W. NY24 NY SU7 3265 4/23 3661 Richard La. Wantagh NY PEI 9078 5245 Blackstone Ave. NY71 NY K19 7441 10/26

Daniel Lenke

41 Second Ave. Port Washington NY PO7 8169 3/21

Joel Levine John Lisker Peter Loeb Steven Lubell	46 Lismore Rd. Lawrence NY 303 Laurel Av. Providence RI 42 Lafayette Pl. Woodmere NY 101 N. Highland Pl. Croton-	DEI FR4	8909 7379 4844	5/21 3/21 6/10
Kenneth Luksin	on-Hudson NY 298 Lee Av. Yonkers, NY		3432 6442	5/10 5/3
	model actels sovered 000			
Abby Maizel Ronald Mayer David Ment Jonathan Metric Howard Millman Andrew Milman Mitchell Moss	2024 E.4 St. Bklyn 23 NY 40-15 Hampton St. Elmhurst 73 50 Westminster Rd. Bklyn 18,NY 17 Falmouth St. Bklyn 35 NY 5302 15 Av. Bklyn 19 NY 15 Farmers Rd. Gt. Neck NY 108-28 68 Dr. Forest Hills 75	HA6 BU2 N18 UL1 HU7	6698 2690 1942 1962 7151 4362 0205	1/18 3/2 4/4 11/21
Herbert Neubauer Scott Newrock	5264 Independence Av. NY 71 NY Charles Lane Town of Rye (cal	K19 I in	7702 formati	on)
Kenneth Okin Peter Orris Edward Oshins Robert Osman	82 Hamilton Av. New Rochelle N 243 W.12 St. NY NY 4 Parkwood Dr. Gt. Neck NY 1730 E.7 St. Bklyn NY	WA4 HU2	6 3856 1444 2949 6368	10/7 4/14 2/2
Barry Perlman Anthony Perutz	91 Central Pk. W. NY NY Oneida Circle Harrison NY	TE5	1065	

807 E. 1. 51. NYO NY 3018 Provey Hudson Frey, NYOI NY KIR 1907 5-32 09 St. Forest Hills78 NY 160 8828 B/

Arthur Richman Fredric Roberts Jerry Robinson Ronald Roose Andrew Ross David Ross Elliot Ross Fredric Romm	126 Ritchie Dr. Yonkers NY 769 St. Marks Ave. Bklynl3 NY 1657 E. 23 St. Bklyn29 NY 1 W. 89 St. NY24 NY 333 Central Pk. W. NY25 NY 15 W. 75 St. NY23 NY 369 Bleecker St. NY14 NY 550 Bard Ave. Staten Islandlo NY 1631 52 St. Bklyn4 NY	YO5 5726 PR8 5936 CL2 2172 TR3 6132 UN4 0822 SU7 9280 WA9 1995 SA7 9434 HY4 7354	4/18 5/22 4/30 9/27 12/24 8/27 3/6 4/13
Robert Sadin Peter Safronoff Martin Saltzman Leonard Saphier		MA3 1202	
Paul Saronson Elliot Schildkrout William Seideman Frederick Shaine Peter Shore Daniel Shulman Ira Siff Tracy Sillerman David Simon David Slater Jeff Snider Richard Spero Paul Springer Tony Stein Rick Stevens Daniel Stein	2363 E. 18 St. Bklyn29 NY	SH3 1746 HU2 9221	1/30 5/11 9/11 2/15 8/4 1/23 8/19 9/28 1/23 12/12 3/18 10/26
Peter Tavalin Lawrence Tick Robert Tuchmann	647 E. 14 St. NY9 NY 3515 Henry Hudson Pkwy. NY63 NY 64-34 99 St. Forest Hills74 NY	OR7 3470 K18 4877 119 5878	7/I 7/7

Monathan Unger

102 Stratford Rd. Harrison NY

WO7 3991

Robert Wasserman
Jeffrey Weil
Elliot Weinger
Jonathan White
Seth Wigderson
Johnny Winston
Ricky Winston

271 Avenue C NY9 NY	CA8	0516	
6910 108 St. Forest Hills 75 NY	BOI	9077	4/18
23 Flower Rd. Valley Stream NY	PYI	5183	7
90 Riverside Dr. NY24 NY	TR3	6691	6/7
85-15 159 St. Jamaica32 NY	OL7	1963	12/25
48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers NY		7417	7/,30
48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers NY	AO3	7417	7/22

Jon Yardney

336 Central Pk W. NY25 NY

R19 1925 4,

the names David Berman and
Paul Saronson should
not have been included...
these boys didn't come as originally
planned and made two others very
happy.....



		1339 Boynton Ave. NY72 NY 95 Barrow St. NY14 NY	T12 6858 CH3 4850	7/22
	Judi Berman Babette Bleifeld Laura Blumberg Ina Rose Brown Janet Brown Ellin Burke	964 E. 9 St. Bklyn30 NY 79 Sunnyside Ave. Bklyn7 NY 567 Cumberland Ave. Teaneck NJ 1162 E. 7 St. Bklyn30 NY 1162 E. 7 St. Bklyn30 NY 11 Gold Circle Malverne LI NY	ES7 0828 AP7 0615 TE6 0501 ES7 1861 ES7 1861 LY3 9203	6/14 1/12 8/30 1/14 3/18
:/:	Elizabeth Cantor Marcia Cohen Toby Cóglan	90 Piccadilly Downs Lynbrook NY 35 Winthrop St. Bklyn25 NY 24 Jasmine La. Valley Stream NY	LY3 7778 BU2 3710 PY1 8569	6/15
	Dorothy David	1361 Madison Ave. NY28 NY 21 Oxford Blvd. Great Neck NY 184 W. 48 St. Bayonne NJ 430 E. 20 St. NY9 NY	LE4 3983 HU7 8032 FE9 8789 GR5 1043	4/11 6/13 4/29 1/28
	Ellen Engelson	21 Hampton Ave. Yonkers NY	SP9 7 639	3/30
	Dorothy Faber Elizabeth Ferber Carla Fine Laura Forner Susan Fortgang	226-09 138 Ave. Laurelton NY 225 Park Hill Ave. Yonkers NY 385 Brower Ave. Rockville Centrel 131 Riverside Dr. NY24 NY 4108 42 St. LI City4 NY	YO9 7524	12/28 5/3 1/26 8/6

Patricia Foster	11 Ogden Rd. Scarsdale NY	S€3 8714	7/5
Laura Furman	55 W. 95 St. NY25 NY	MO6 0084	
Margaret Gaines Margerie Gelb Stephanie Gelb Jill Gertz Toni Gerber Abby Gilmore Karen Gilmore Ruth Glatterman Marianne Glick Marcia Glick Marcia Golden Wendy Goldhirsch Janet Goldstein Judy Gorman Barbara Gould Barbara Green Helen Greer Marcia Guggenheim Katherine Gunz Andi Gurson	73-36 185 St. Flushing 66 NY 80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle NY 80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle NY 22 Fox Meadow Rd. Scarsdale NY 420 West End Av, NY24 NY 15 Oak Lane Scarsdale NY 15 Oak Lane Scarsdale NY 2929 Bainbridge Av. BX NY 124 West 79 St NY. 24 176 E. 77 St. NY24 11 Crossway Scarsdale NY 2727 Palisade Averiverdale NY 109-20 71 Rdforest Hills 75 NY 183 E. Devonin AVMt. Vernon NY 28 Metropolitan Oval NY62 NY 21 Marshall CT. Great New NY 220-21 77 Ave. Bayside NY 45 Martense St. Bklyn 26 NY 101 Grayson Pl. Teaneck NJ 65-61 Saunders Forest Hills NY 524 E. 20 St. NY9 NY	AX7 775 I NE2 6132 SC3 5420 SU7 9059 SC3 1548 SC3 1548 CY8 1326 TR4 4997 LE5 9660 SC3 6895 K18 3810 L14 0645 MO7 778 I T/3 7925 HU7 2857 HO4 862 I BU7 529 I TE7 2330 TW6 3202 OR3 6946	3/13 2/4 2/12 10/4 4/5 6/9 10/15 10/28 2/10 5/12 2/12 7/13 4/14 4/2 7/11 10/28 7/3 6/9 11/15 5/1
Jane Hyman	55 Lafayette Dr. Port Chester NY	WE9 4412	4/2
Judith Hirt	41-16 51 St. Woodside77 NY	HA4 4094	12/25
Ronnie Jaffe	976 E. 23 St. Bklynio NY	CL2 6236	12/22
Carla Joseph	104 W. 13 St. NYII NY	CH2 2695	

Jill Kamp	714-80 St. No. Bergen NJ	UN9 0584 11/4
Lydia Kenin	20 Plaza St. Bklyn38 NY	ST3 2051 8/28
Susan Kolker	49 Harvest Drive Scarsdale NY	SC5 2004 7/7
Connie Lehman Ellen Lehman Ellen Sue Leinwohl Kathy Lesser Susan Leubuscher Ronnie Levitt Lauren Levy Judy Lyons	336 Winthrop Rd. Teaneak NJ 19 Hickory Dr. Great Neck NY 15 Beach Rd. Great Neck NY 45 E. 82 St. NY28 NY 8301 BayParkway BKLYN NY 71-25 Little Nk. Pkwy Fl. Pk. NY 7 Rivercrest Rd. NY71 NY 1743 Gerritsen Ave. Bklyn29 NY	TE7 3603 6/29 HU2 7105 HU2 2664 4/29 UN1 2111 7/12 CL6 8843 6/26 F13 6478 8/17 K19 9160 12/6 N15 5574 4/29
Joan Malleck Micki Mandelbaum Susan Martin Alison Miller Harriet Moriber Lois Morse Lorie Mottus Ruth Meyerowitz	80-61 Utopia Pkwy. Jamaica 32 NY 203 Marlboro Rd. Bklyn 26 NY 28 Shadetree La. Roslyn Hts. NY 530 West End Ave. NY 24 NY 61 Evans St. New Hyde Pk. NY Central Dr. Briarcliff Manor NY Scarsdale Manor Apts. Scarsdale 129 Coleridge St. Bklyn 35 NY	UL6 0473 4/11 MAI 4621 9/30 SU7 8304 1/22 PR5 5201 10/25 WII 7188 12/15
Cosette Nieporent	276 First Avc. NY9 NY	CA8 6008 10/14
Isabel Neustadt	620 W. 239 St. NY63 NY	K18 3316 8/3

Nicki Okin

82 Hamilton Ave. New Rochelle NY Ne6 8397

Emily Paradise Leslie Perla Lynn Phillips Peggy Poll Joan Polivnick Lois Portnoy Judith Prince	466-85 St. Bklyn9 NY 1479 Cromwell Ave. NY52 NY 225 W. 86 St. NY24 NY 530 W. 236 St. NY63 NY 165 E. 19 St. Bklyn26 NY 204 Mamaroneck Rd. Scarsdale NY 7702 Park Ave. No. Bergen NJ	CY3 TR4 K13 IN2 SC3	5029 3938 5044 9862 2070 9245 7750	12/21 4/9 4/1 3/5 2/28 7/28
Naomi Rabinow Karen Rappaport Marcia Rollin Rhea Rollin Beth Rosenberg Susan Rosenberg Margaret Rosenblum Josie Rosenfeld Carolyn Rosenfield	3914 47 St. LI CITY4 NY 42 Sheridan Ave. Mt. Vernon NY 101 Ellwood Ave. Mt. Vernon NY 101 Ellwood Ave. Mt. Vernon NY 224-12 139 Ave. Laurelton 13 NY 222 W.83 St. NY24 NY 110-35 Jewel Ave. Forest Hills 75 41 W. 82 St. NY24 NY 40 Hickory Dr. Roslyn NY	MO7 MO7 LA5 LY5 5 NY BOI SC4	2583 3846 3846	3/26 12/19 6/23 5/19 5/18 8/2 12/5 11/28 5/20

0 11 4 0 11
Bobbie Saltzman
Cookie Sapinsley
Jill Sapinsley
Nicky Schlansky
Bobbie Schneider
Susan Selvern
Lisa Serbin
Clara Sheffer
10 Ellen Silberstein
Sue Silverman -
Carlie Simon
Marilyn Stahl
Susan Steiner
Julie Stone
Paula Sturman

179-05 Kildare Rd. Jamaica 32 NY 018 1937 25 Cooke St. Providence RI UNI 5172 25 Cooke St. Providence RI UNI 5172 67 North Court Roslyn Hts. NY. MAI 1885 34 Helena Ave. Yonkers NY DE7 2730 516 New Hyde Pk Rd. New Hyde PK PR5:0434 37 Bank St. NY14 NY CH2 1832 7 Piccadilly Rd. Great Neck NY HU2 5423 51 Arleigh Rd. Great Neck NY HU7 7403 108-50 71 Ave. Forest Hills NY BO3 0387 2922 Parkside La. Harrisburg Pa CE8 1829 42 Glendale Rd. Rye NY W04 4115 7 Rutland Rd. Great Neck NY HU7 9419	10/31 11/3 5/14 3/18 11/27 9/18 6/22 8/7 10/12 2/25 4/22 9/24
7 Rutland Rd. Great Neck NY HU7 9419	4/22 9/24
353 East Shore Rd. Great Neck NY HU7 2174 1166 E. 7 St. Bklyn30 NY ES7 5392	5/15 1/8

			Harata e		
	Donna Teicholz	175 W. 76 St. NY23 NY 647 E. 14 St. NY9 NY 56 Kalda Ave. New Hyde Pk. NY 67-45A 190 La. Flushing65 NY 151 Central Pk. W. NY24 NY 390 West End Ave. NY24 NY	TR4 OR7 EL4 GL7 TR3 TR3	3470 3946 2970 7974	12/6 3/28 1/10 6/5 9/19
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		68 Old Pond Rd. Great Neck NY 33-47 14 St. LI City6 NY		5998 3330	11/22
83/0	Lestie Wald Joan Walton Leta Welss Marla Welss Susan Welss Deborah White Sonia Willdorf	160 Cabrint Blvd. NY33 NY 777 West End Ave.NY25 NY 540 East 20 St.NY9 NY 540 East 20 St. NY9 NY 682 Ocean Ave. Bklyn26 NY 1165 Park. Ave. NY28 NY 500 E. 46 St. Bklyn3 NY	MO6 SP7 SP7 IN2 AT9	2814 8373 0583 0583 3329 6977 7520	3/8 8/21 12/2 3/27 12/31
	Lestie Yarvin Elizabeth Yamin	209 Halsey Ave. Jericho NY 16 W.77 St NY 24 NY			6/7
	1007 178		a,		

6/15 6/15 6/15 6/15 6/15

Judy Grossman Robert Gurian

Judy Bergman	83-15 Lefferts Blyd. Kew Gdns NY	Tr4 3189 :	5/2
Gabriel Brodsky	275 Central Pk. W. NY24 NY		3/2i
Barbara Bulova	50 Elm St. Glens Falls NY		5/27
Eddie Carroll	255 Eastern Fkwy. Bklyn38 NY		5/22
Susan Crystal	78 Berkshire Rd. Great Neck NY		10/4
Judd David	8 Knoll La. Roslyn Hts. NY	MAI 1876	9/15
Joel Doerfler	99 Metropolitan Oval NY62 NY	UN3 9757	
Peter Eckman	2249 Morris Ave. NY53 NY	F04 3949	1/26
Adele Einhorn	49 Strathmore Rd. Great Neck NY	HU7 9431 1	
Eric Felderman Janet Fine Jerry Finkelstein Pamela Foa	1284 Fayette St. W. Englewood NJ 135-29 226 St. Laurelton NY	LA7 2169	8/23 2/12
Kenneth Golden Alex Goldstein Jay Gottlieb William Greene Herbert Greenspan Ephraim Gross Judy Grossman	2200 Morris Ave. BX63 NY 303 Beverly Road BKLYNI8 NY GE 80 LaSalle St. NY27 NY 110-20 71 Rd. Forest Hills NY BO	11 informat 4 1885 5 0198 2 5314 8 5094 2/ 6 0540 5/ J CH9 4322	/2 fon /20 /11

Charles Hollander	2780 University Ave. NY68 NY	K13 8370	10/31
Paul Lansky Hal Lenke Ruth Lewert Ira Liebowitz	775 E. 175 St. NY60 NY 41 Second Ave. Port Washington N' 89-1. 150 St. Jamaica 35 NY 1075 Grand Concourse NY52 NY	JA6 4835	10/26
Kenneth Newrock	Charles Lane Town of Rye (cal	l informat	ion)
10el Perlman Paula Praeger	295 Central Pk. W. NY 2121 Utopia Pkwy Whitestone57 NY	TR4 3217 BA5 4975	6/12 10/4
Paul Robinow Addie Reid	3914 47 St. LI City4 NY Seneca Trail Harrison NY	ST4 75 TE5 48	8/26
Robert Shepard Jettrey Shields Ed Silberman Susan Slovak Jenny Snider Edward Sobel Charles Stein Ann Sterling Heather Stieglitz Leonard Stillman Kenneth Schlosser	Paulding La. Crompond NY 23 Gilchrest Rd. Great Neck NY 140-14 28 Rd. Flushing54 NY 707 Wildwood Rd. W. Hempstead NY 3368 21 St. Li City6 NY 9 Henry St. Great Neck NY 99 Longview Terrace Yonkers NY Kirby La. North Rye NY 4 Old Pond Rd. Great Neck NY 647 Forest Ave. Larchmont NY 43 Shore Park Rd. Great Neck NY	LA8 9272 HU7 1738 FL8 2633 1V9 4607 RAI 4215 HU7 5492 SP9 2114 WO7 2082 HU7 4707 TE4 4636 HU2 8976	12/18 12/28 8/18 7/15 8/23 7/30 6/30 10/10

Richard Trilling 552 Maitland Ave. W. Englewood NJ TE6 5369
Carol Tuchmann 64-34 99 St. Forest Hills 74 NY 1L9 5878

5/17 7/29

Eugene Weiss 960 Sterling PL. Bklyni3 NY PR8 2542
Daniel Whitelaw 35 Sterling Rd. Harrison NY W07 4179

3/12

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TS\# 188 1188

The Taken

E11/1 1200 11

BILL Yelon 67-23 214 St. Bayside64 NY BA4 7114

8/23

Jo Ann Zerin

68-53 Fleet St. Forest Hills 75 NY BO8 5706 7/31

en tournet no.

SU7 38226 7/34

11/25



Mark Anton	1339 Boynton Ave. NY72 NY	T12	6858	3/27
David Denby	25 Sutton Pl. South NY NY	EL5	3449	8/19
Gordon Freund	83-85 116 St. Kew Gdns. NY	V19	1070	
James Golding	47 East 88 St. NY28 NY	AT9	0297	7/17
Alan Hack	85 Strong St. Bronx68 NY	K16	3058	3/13
John Holz	119-40 Union Tpke. Kew Gdns15 NY P.O. Box 651 Lehigh U. Bethlehem	L14 Penr	4645	9/19
M1. 10 1000	21-36 33 Rd. LI CITY6 NY	AS8	7078	10/21
Janet wirgolin	285 Central Pk. W. NY24 NY	SU7	5585	7/25
Sue Metric	17 Falmouth St. Bklyn35 NY	NI8	1962	6/3
Richard Newrock	Town of Ryeask Information fo	r co	rrect	no.
David Pines	1595 Unionport Rd. Bx62 NY	TA2	0957	1/24
Martha Rosler	250 Crown St. Bklyn25 NY	SL6	4831	7/29
Peter Rosenow	2641 Marion Ave. Bronx58 NY	FO5	8885	3/31
Jim Slater	2615 Avenue O Bklynlo NY	CF8	1093	7/12
Marvin Steingart	2141 Starling Ave. NY62 NY	TA2	2261	5/8
Peter Warshall	56 Rugby Rd. Bklyn26 NY	1N2	3011	12/6
Emily Zack	901 Washington Ave. Bklyn NY	NE8	7551	9/20

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Hank Berg Arthur Brandon Olga Burns

75-04 184 St. Flushing66 NY JA3 0440 113 1901 Hall Princeton U. Princeton NJ 37 Inwood Street Yonkers YO5 8491 JA3 0440 60-24 Wetherole St. Elmhurst73 NY HA9 5379

EN2 2702

Pat Clarke Mary Cohen

c/o Buck's Rock 300 Central Pk.W NY24 NY 137 W. Tremont Ave. Bronx53 NY LU3 4270

Ronnie Danzig Gladys Dunn

- 19 24 /

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553 Manor Ridge Rd. Pelham Manor PE8 2739 5825 Woodlawn Ave. Chicago37 111. BU8 6510 3100 Heath Ave. Bronx63 NY K13 1845

Marty Eidelberg Alice Epstein Peter Euben

1064 Manor Ave. NY72 NY T12 3918 6 Juniper Dr. Great Neck NY HU2 0420 141-42 70 Rd. Flushing67 NY . L14 0177 Swarthmore Coll. Swarthmore, Pa.

Richard Freedman

15 Kensington Oval New Rochelle NY NE3 7077 8610 312 S. Baker Hall Cornell U. Itaca NY

Martin Ganzglass Jack Goldman

Steven Goldstein Ed Greer Hedi Grootkerk Dick Gubernick

2825 Webb Ave. NY68 NY 4/1 K13 4408 2162 Creston Ave. NY53 NY T12 2813 12/15 Union Valley Rd. Rd. 2 Mahopac NY MA8 6035 3009 Kingsbridge Ter. BX63 NY K13 0395 1/30 45 Martense St. Bklyn26 NY BU7 5291 1/28 25 Hillside Ave. NY40 NY W12 5325 3635 Johnson Ave. Bx NY K13 9255

Nancy Hedberg Cyrus Hoffman

Brown Univ. Providence RI 100-29 75 Ave. Forest Hills 75 NY BO8 7993 2/20

Sandy and Edith Jason 42 Gilbert La. Plainview NY

WE5 8460

Annie Karakaian Naomi Klein Bert Kleinman Bill & Muriel Korff Barry Kornfeld Stephen Kurtzer

145-16 24 Ave. Whitestone 57 NY David and Jeanne Katz 67-42 Ingram St. Forest Hills 75 NY BO8 6346 FL9 4990 90 Pierrepont St. Bklynl NY UL2 8268 Columbia College NY27 NY 6/5 577 Grand St. NY2 NY OR3 6607 105-10 65 Rd. Forest Hills 75 NY 119 0204 611 W. 239 St. NY63 NY K18 3160 9/10 Rick Lee -? Bernie Leif

40 Barker Ave. White Plains NY ROI 2513 11/9 39 Ocean Ave. Bklyn25 NY UL6 7710

Gerald & Mindy Maze 2385 Barker Ave. Bronx67 NY TUI 9809 Ruth Muirhead Westminster School Simsbury Conn.

Lora Naigles 48 Seneca Ave. Yonkers NY SP9 4815 Micha & Marion Namenwirth 1817 16 Ave: So. Minneapolis 4 Minn. 9/26 Oscar Nelson 82-10 19 St. Tampa, Fla.

David Prince

7702 Park Ave. No. Bergen NJ UNG 2373

John Rae Phyllis Roberts

20-23 45 St. LI City5 NY AS4 5205 1657 23 St. Bklyn29 NY CL2 2172 313 Wait Ave. Cornell U. Ithaca NY

Shirley Sturm Anna Surasky

Carole Salwen
987 E. 8 St. Bklyn30 NY
DE8 1699
Alan Saltzman
67-64 Austin St. Forest Hills75 NY 1LD 6829
Sidney Schwager
2940 Lurting Ave. Bronx NY
TU2 0722
TU2 0722 6/24 Joyce & Seymour Simon 232-03 67 Ave. Bayside NY BA4 6572

Jack Sonenberg | 110 E. 16 St. NY3 NY GR3 4197

Shirley Sturm | 76-39 76-39 Vleigh Pl. Flushing67 NY BO8 8018 10/24 2304 Ocala Ave. Baltimorel5 Md.

Carl Tannenbaum 1272 Noble Ave. Bronx72 NY Phil & Anne Tavalin 647 E. 14 St. NY9 NY

T12 0064 OR7 3470

Bernie & Berbara Unger 32 Mark La. New City, NY. New City4 3408

Diane Weiss

682 Ocean Ave. Bklyn26 NY

BU4 5152

Joshua White

21 Fairmont St. Medford55 Mass. c/o Drama Dep: Carnegie Institute of Technology

Pittsburgh, Penn. 12.

Bob & Paula Winokur P.O. Box 6973 Denton, Texas Julia Winston 48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers NY 48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers NY

YO3 7417

9/5

NURSES

Anna Surasky Ruth Muirhead Nancy Hedberg

DOCTOR

Noah Barysh

CHIEF COOK

Mario Petrucelli

2nd COOK

John C. Padron

BAKER

Joseph Dugger

KITCHEN STAFF

Etim Akpan Essien
James H. Hardy
Andrews A.Mireku
Nathaniel Moore
Robert Koddo Nti
Emanuel Utuk
Powell Woodson

PORTER

Theodore Goff

OFFICE

Doris Adler Gladys Dunn Mindy Maze

and the JC boys who took over during the evenings

SHOPPING

Mindy Maze
Marc Anton
Mary Cohen

ELECTRICAL

Ori Adler Alan Hack

MAINTENANCE

Oscar Nelson Gordon Freund

CLEANING WOMEN

Mrs. Ada Delancy
Mrs. Julia Johnson
Mrs. Dot. Popilowski
Mrs. Harriet Stevens
Mrs. Agnes Tiburske
Miss Mary Pomakytis

Thanks to

2 8 0

when the finks of the world united ...

yogi bear...

Bar-nett!

little bear farms ...

the road that was fixed?

the mad gonger ...

our octagon vs. washington's pentagon...

tubercular print shop ...

pencil devouring campers...

a shortage of napkins ...

We remember.

49 talented C.I.T.'s...

T.S. yoyo....

"here's to the couple...knotted unto-gether"

all misched up...

collarless workshirts...

the second all camp meeting on the lawn...

cleanliness is next to Ernstnessness...

so who remembers first breakfast?

the mad gonger

a visit to the 200...

the ice-creem sodas instend of the concert... charlie tubbarley

the capable calisthenias crew....

our majestic laundry (with ideal service)

two movies with no endings... but who noticed? the mad gonger...

yes, but can I be trusted?

kaoviolet and gentianpectate...

you like it...it's yours...

one cookie apiece, damnit...

the sadists beating the masochists...

anything you say is all right with me, WOOOOOOOOH!

a flying car-pet ...

the inside story of lancelot ...

Not Much Brains ...

uniform delegation from kenico...

a child's garden of buck's rock...

dave, the katz...

when brenda stormed buck's rock...

a stuck-up calf...

what a bizarre coincidence...

WBBC news...maybe...

Where are your parents...at home?...in bed?...to-gether?.....

pray to your favorite buddha ... THE MAD GONGER ...

"once again we come to the end of the summer"...

For all of those so down and out
With missing clothes and full of doubt
Who walk about without...
Be informed that there exists
For all of those having fits
A lost and found box in the office
For nude you'll really know what a cough is.

The lab wishes to announce the arrival of mice, guinea pigs and hamsters. Come and visit us this afternoon...make a new friend!

All Bald Sopranos meet at the stage at the work gong.

Pea'r friends,
Yesterday was the last call for Yearbook articles. Today is the
very last call. Please come in and get an assignment, or hand in
an article that you feel is suitable. Or just come in. Uncle Sam
wants you, Uncle Jerry Mase wants you, Cousin Jerry and Cousin
Laura want you. So come already...

Announcements

It is raining! We are working! We are raining! It is working! We are the Print Shop The Print Shop is reigning ... Reigning over all that is rained upon. We need you. No talent? We haven't any either. The Print Shop is dry. No, not like Oklahoma! No rain. Come work. Work come. We love people people people

Roses are red
Violets are blue...
There will be weeding at the vegetable farm today

This afternoon Jill Sapinsley, Marilyn Stahl and Barbara Green
May print fine Buck's Rock stationery that's 'real peachy-keen.'

The creative writing class will discuss one af James Joyce's short stories tonight: remember, tonight we dig Joyce under the oak tree.

it's raining...
if the schizophrenics think they are going
to play the masochists today...they are crazy.

Beauregard was so cheered by the warm reception that his poetry received, that he decided to quit while ahead. So this announcement is written in prose: Come, come everybody. Come, come and buy french fries this afternoon. Come, Zuckie; come YoYo, see how brown they are. Gee, Zuckie, golly Gee, YoYo, they are good Come, Zuckie, come, let's carve our initials on the wall. No, no, no, YoYo ... let's buy french fries instead. Where can you buy them, Zuckie? Oh, shucks, YoYo, anywhere in camp. Who will sell them to us, Zuckie? Goshorootie, YoYo, you know that Beauregard has special salesmen. Gee, Zuckie ... How much will they cost? Leaping lizards, YoYo, they cost only fifteen pennies for a whole Cup full! Drat it, Zuokie, I have only fourteen pennies. T. S., YoYo.

1960
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1960

GOTS TO BE DONE IN



photo credits

PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PHIL TAVALIN and ARTHUR BRANDON

photo on coverJAY GOTTLIEB
ilse and ernst
view of girls' and boys' housesCHUCK STEIN
buck's rock is out of this world four montages
square danceJAY GOTTLIEB
porchJAY GOTTLIEB
lora naigles teaching guitar
kathy lesser printing stationary
joel adelman working on constructionCHARLES HOLLANDER
mitchell moss at vegetable farmCHARLES HOLLANDER
david katz leading the madrigal group ANDY CHURG
laura fooner in the art shopBARNETT FRIEDMAN
ernie at the big camp meetingJAY GOTTLIEB
electronics shopJAY GOTTLIEB
orchestraJAY GOTTLIEB
karen rappaport as the lark
in the dance studio

outside the dance studioANDY CHURG
leonard saphier working on sculptureJAY GOTTLIEB
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kathy gunz doing a woodcut
doing graphics in art shopJAY GOTTLIEB
joel levine at the animal farmANTHONY PERUTZ
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baseball
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the gong
swimmingJAY GOTTLIEB
fencingJAY GOTTLIEB
paul hammerschlang on horsebackJAY GOTTLIEB
ping pongJAY GOTTLIEB
tennisJAY GOTTLIEB

Much of the typography and art work was reproduced with the cooperation of the photo shop. Lettering, drawings and photographs are reproduced on process film and then transferred to photoscopic stercils from which they are printed in our own print shop at camp. Buck's Rock is unique in that it has exploited the mimeograph process to its fullest by using this method.

STAFF

ERRATA: IN SOME OF OUR BOOKS THE PHOT OF GARY DAVIS DID NOT HAVE A CREDIT. THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY CHUCK STEIN AND PROCESSED AT THE PHOTO LAB IN CAM

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MANY THANKS TO THE ART SHOP COUNSELORS.... Jack Sonenberg for giving us the contributions

of graphics and sketches which you

see throughout the book

Minda Levy

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cy hoffman
john rae
bernie leif
marty ganzglass
eddie greer
alan saltzman
peter rosenow

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arthur brandon
marvin steingart
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GIRLS! ANNEX

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lora naigles
diane weiss
minda levy: JC
sue metric JC
janet margolin JC
martha rosler JC

FARM HOUSE

edith jason olga burns • alice epstein carol salwen • emily zack

CIT'S Micha and Marion Namenwirth

Buck's Rock Work Camp Annual Festival Saturday, August 27, 1960

from noon 'til eleven p.m.

all day.....exhibition of work done in the shops in the social hall

science lab exhibit
display of farm animals
exhibit of cabins built by campers

all day and evening.....farm and shop selling at stands

2:30 P.M........fencing exhibition at badminton court

3:00 P.M.........folk and square dance demonstration at the badminton court

4:00 P.M...........gala concert at the stage
orchestra and folksingers
dance recital
chorus and madrigal group

6:00 P.M.................dinner will be served to all our guests

"BEGGER ON HORSEBACK" by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly